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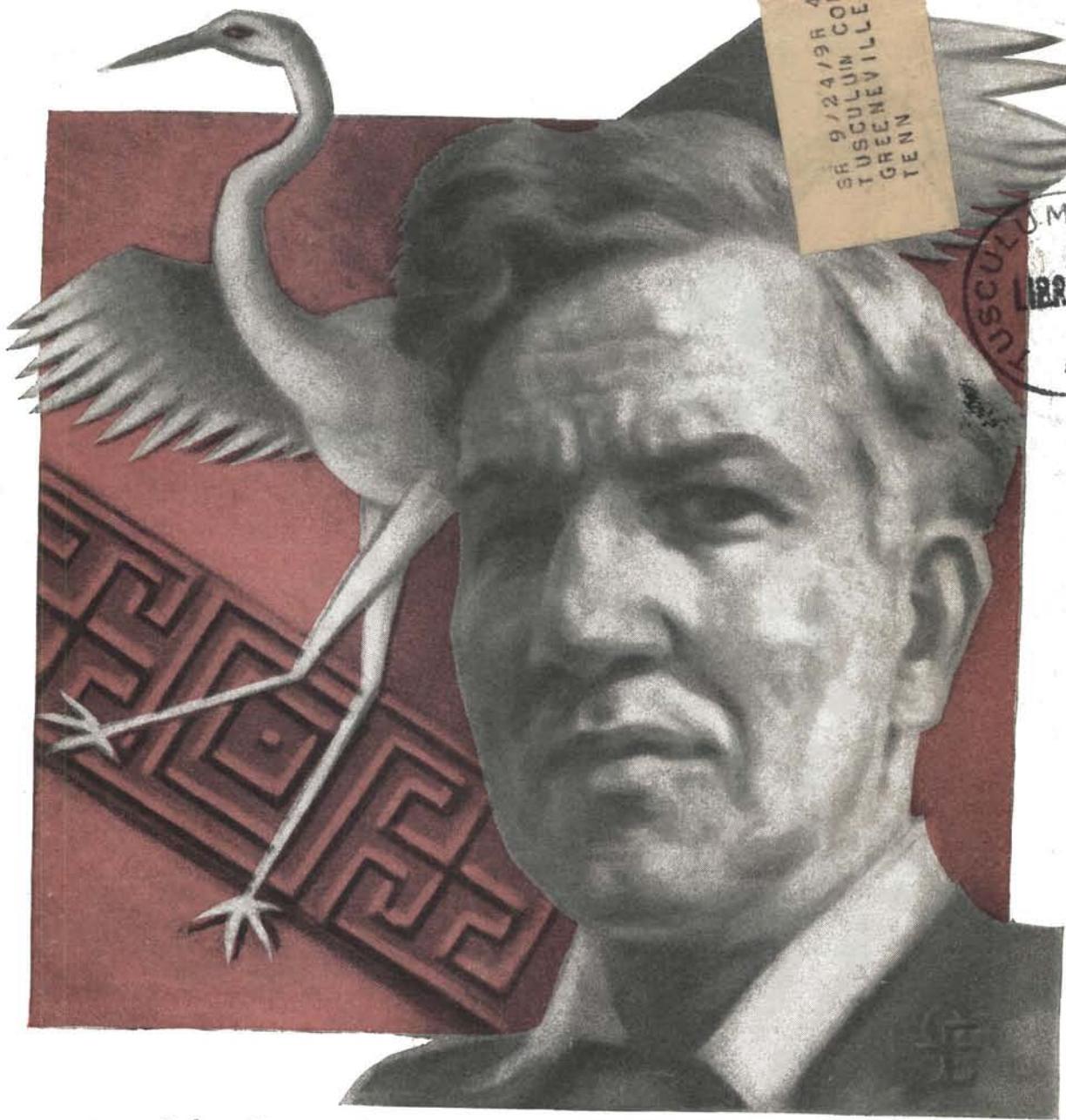

Robert Graves, author of "Watch the Northwind Rise." (See page 11)

I Still Believe in Polls
ELMO ROPER

Bogus Best Sellers
AN EDITORIAL

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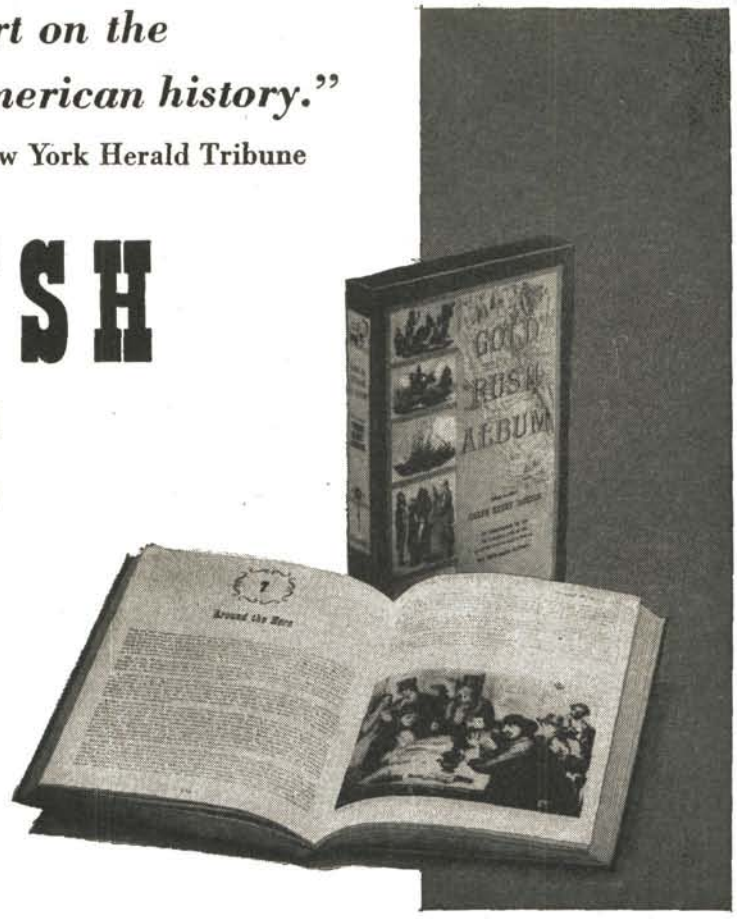

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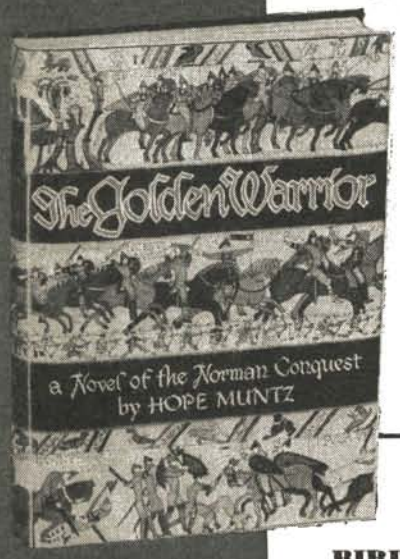

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TRADE Winds

RAY HEALY AND JIM RUSSELL, mahatmas of bookdom in California, recently locked horns on a tennis court of the Uplifters' Club in Los Angeles. Both boys are disciples of the smashing net game, and at their best could give King Gustave of Sweden a real workout. With the score tied at 16-16, a young lady with three rackets under her arm appeared on the sidelines and asked wistfully, "How about some mixed doubles when this set is over?" Healy's Olympian brow clouded. "Blow, lady," he commanded. "We don't play tennis with little girls. We're he-men in these parts." The young lady reluctantly departed. Healy turned to an attendant, who seemed somewhat dazed, and inquired, "Who is that presumptuous dame anyhow?" The attendant answered, "Her name is Wills, mister—Helen Wills." . . .

CALIFORNIA LITERATI recall another book salesman who cut a swath, particularly with the ladies, during his heyday in the early Twenties. His name was Tom Clagett, and he represented Lippincott's. Jim Crowder tells of the day Clagett spotted a beautiful girl on Market Street in San Francisco and followed her clear to the fourth floor of an office building ten blocks away. She disappeared into a room before he could figure out an opening maneuver. Deeply mortified, he was preparing a dignified retreat when his eye fell on the sign on an adjoining office. It was a new mail-order outfit, organized to spread culture in the West. "Lippincott featured several sets of American history in those days," said Crowder, "so Clagett decided to give the mail-order people a pitch. And believe it or not, the lucky so-and-so walked out with an order for books, to be delivered over a five-year period, that totaled $90,000!" "Did he ever meet the girl?" I persisted. "He walked in to thank her," laughed Jim, "but the minute she saw him she cried, 'One step further and I'll yell out of the window for a policeman'." "Poor Clagett," I said. "Poor Clagett nothing," concluded Crowder. "He went down to the Palace Hotel and had dinner with Marilyn Miller." . . .

HEALY, RUSSELL, AND CLAGETT are only three of a great galaxy of book salesmen who have made the Pacific states their happy hunting ground. Harrison ("Sheriff") Leussler and Andy Pierce are remembered with awe and affection. Floyd Nourse has put away his sample case for good, but his son is following in his illustrious footsteps, along with Jess Carmack, Dave Bramble, and Jess McComas. Carl Smalley, the McPherson, Kan., Phenom, also remains in there pitching. Carl's reverberating laugh once blew a lady customer from Vroman's Pasadena store clear into J. K. Gill's in Portland. And who could forget courtly old Desmond Fitzgerald, who never would be seen in public without his walking stick, gloves, and a red carnation in his buttonhole? Desmond's idea of an immortal novel was Anthony Hope's "The Prisoner of Zenda." He never forgave Donald Klopfer and me for refusing to add it to the Modern Library. . . "The Prisoner of Zenda" had painful memories for the late John Macrae of E. P. Dutton. The manuscript was offered to him first, and he was all for taking it, but subordinates convinced him he was wrong. The year after Henry Holt had published the book, and sold half a million copies, Anthony Hope sent Macrae a diamond stick-pin for consolation, with a note reading, "In gratitude for your faith in me." John Tebbel, author of "Lorimer and *The Saturday Evening Post*," recalling his days as an editor at Dutton's, says that Macrae always wore the stick-pin to board meetings. When anybody tried to veto his suggestions, he would silently but ostentatiously begin fiddling with Anthony Hope's keepsake. "You have no idea," sighs Tebbel, "what things got on the Dutton list as a result!" . . .

THE MOST ERUDITE BOOK salesman in history probably was Ted Weeks, now editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, who began his career as a representative of Horace Liveright. One day Ted proudly brought back an order from Gimbel's for fifty copies of a book of essays called "Salvos," by Waldo Frank. I phoned Alice Dempsey, the Gimbel buyer, to make sure she still was in her right mind. "How come," I said, "that you suddenly buy fifty copies of a high-brow non-fiction book?" "Fifty copies!" echoed Alice. "Cancel it, for the love of Pete. That boy Weeks used such big words, I didn't know what he was talking about!" . . . An Atlantic City bookseller once rebuffed a salesman who was drumming up orders for Samuel Ornitz's "Haunch, Paunch, and Jowl." "Naw," he said, "we got too many books about that game already. People are beginning to go back to bridge." He added, "Tell you what I could use, though. Some kind of comedy or other by a fella named Dant. I had two calls for it this morning." . . . Really discouraging is the story of a very eager and tireless salesman who was called into the boss's private office. "I've been following your movements," said the boss. "No hours seem too long for you. No account is too small for you to visit. You opened four new ones in a single city last month. And I notice, too, that you always find time to visit our best-selling authors along the way." The salesman leaned back happily and began wondering what he would do with the bonus that was coming. "And so, my boy," continued the boss, "I am forced, much against my will, to give you the sack. It's eager beavers like you who start firms of your own and steal all the top names on our list." . . .

WHILE GROSSET & DUNLAP salesmen are pounding the pavements in search of orders, Editor Bernard Geis betrays his *Esquire* training by sitting comfortably in a luxurious office and planning the following menu (presumably for a dinner attended by famished critics): Farrar and Strausbourg goose liver paté; Calf's Liveright; Doubleday lamb chops; Harcourt Brace of pheasant; Dial Pressed duck; E. P. Mutton; Simon and Shoestring potatoes, Rinehart of lettuce; golden Bantam corn; Lippincottage cheese; and Appleton pie. "By this time," adds Mr. Geis, reasonably enough, "the critics will be suffering

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from bauch-and Knopf-weh. To restore them, I suggest Random House of Lords Scotch served in Little Brown jugs at a nearby Sloane. That will make them Bobbs Merrilly away." In my opinion, Mr. Geis has Norton to Crowell about. . . .

TO COMMEMORATE its one hundredth anniversary, the D. Van Nostrand Company is distributing a handsome little volume entitled "A Century of Book Publishing." One incident described therein shows how carefully every decision involving the firm's welfare was weighed, and should give pause to headstrong operators of the present day. In 1890, a daring Van Nostrand employee proposed that a typewriter be purchased. A full meeting of the board of directors was called wherein "the question of the employment of a typewriter was considered and the matter referred to the executive committee with power." The executive committee took the plunge, and the minutes of the next board meeting disclose that "a typewriting machine was obtained, and a person employed by the company to operate same." The treasurer, Mr. William Farrington, refused, however, to have any truck with such new-fangled gimmicks, and continued to do his work in longhand for the next twenty-five years. . . . Van Nostrand's outstanding achievements in the publication of technical books today are a tribute to the efficiency of Edward Crane, president, and Malcolm Johnson, vice president. . . .

THE VAN NOSTRAND BOARD MEETING reminds me of a story about the New York Life Insurance Company. In the old days, every director who attended the annual meeting received an equal share of a substantial sum set aside for this purpose in the by-laws. There were about fifty directors and all of them were wealthy, so under ordinary circumstances a bare quorum showed up. One meeting, however, took place the day after the great blizzard of 1888. The directors all figured that not many of their associates would venture out in such weather, and that those who did manage to make it would receive a correspondingly large share of the fee. The roll call disclosed that for the first time in the company's history every director was present! . . . To give you some idea of how high the drifts were after that 1888 blizzard, they tell of a young couple who went sleigh-riding down Broadway when the storm abated. "Look," said the girl, "there's a chicken sitting on the snow." "That's no chicken," said her companion. "That's the weathervane on top of Trinity Church."

—Bennett Cerf.

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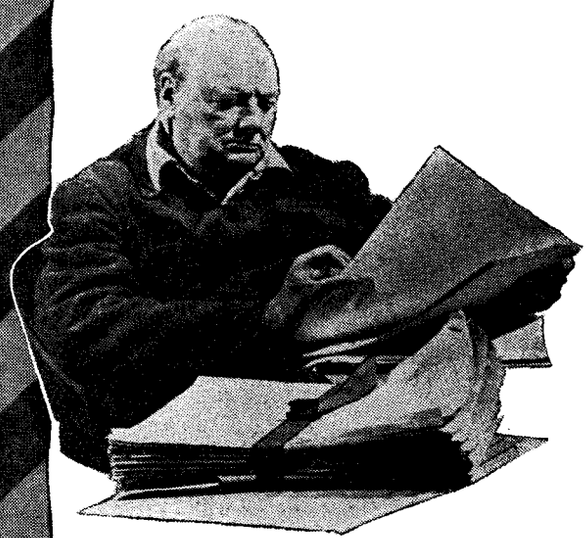

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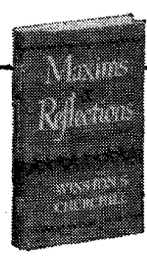

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The Saturday Review of Literature

I Still Believe in Polls

ELMO ROPER

—*Bachrach.*

Elmo Roper

ON Wednesday afternoon, November 3, 1948, in my office, Eric Hodgins, author of "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House," made a prophecy which ran something like this: "You'd better get prepared for three cycles of post-election blow-off about the polls. First, there will come the comedians with their jokes and, at the same time, there will be pent-up screams of anguish and diatribes from the pro-Dewey press and other wrong guessers who will feel the need of a whipping boy. But this phase will last only a month or so."

He went on to say, "Then there will be a wave of pseudo-scientific findings by self-appointed experts, Wednesday-morning quarterbacks and just plain vocal people who have never liked polls. These will bring to light many preconceived and long-harbored prejudices and you'll see the polls serve as a springboard for the advancement of all sorts of theories. These theories will be advanced with an air of 'since the polls were wrong, and I say so, then, per se, *I'm* right.' This second phase will be harder for you to take than the first—and in the same ratio as intellectuals are always harder to take than comedians.

"Finally, toward the end of 1949 there will emerge some really able analyses of what happened in the election and of why the polls failed to forecast it. In this phase there will be some really constructive lessons to be learned, not only by you, but by all social scientists."

We are, apparently, in the middle of Phase Two. The first phase was a little hard for a polltaker to take, in spots, and some of the jokes seemed a little cruel, but, by and large, they were funny, and I laughed at most of them too—particularly at Jack Benny.

Phase Two is more confusing. Partly, it's because magazine articles and books seem to *have* to have titles. And a book designed to prove some long-held theory about "The Doakes Theory of Molecular Economics" will sell better if it's called "Why the Polls Failed."

If at times the line of attack in these books seems a bit contradictory, it can probably be attributed to the fact that publishing a book in February based on what happened in November is no mean feat, as any publisher knows! For instance, some of the books' authors think polling is all right, but the men who practise it are all wrong, while still others think both the polls *and* the men who run them ought to be Siberia-bound.

But three general lines of attack do emerge from the maze of criticisms being leveled at the polls:

(1) Perhaps the most common argument is that since the polls failed in the elections last November, they are therefore good for nothing at all. They had best be forgotten. Actually, the critics have a point in one respect at least: it is doubtful that opinions expressed *in the present*—with the knowledge any of us now has—can be taken as precisely accurate guides to the *future* actions of individuals. And it is also true that voters *do* change their minds in the course of a Presidential campaign. (Admittedly, this was a somewhat painful learning experience for this particular opinion researcher but it wasn't just the pollsters who held that theory, and there would have been no real proof on the subject had there been no polls.)

But the critics overlook several important points in their blanket condemnation of all activities of public-opinion research. Even on the subject of elections they forget that the polls did predict over 400 elections correctly before stubbing their collective toe last November 2.

But most of the criticisms to date have represented preconceived notions which the authors had about polls, even before the elections. For the past four months these notions have been grafted wholesale onto the prediction debacle of last November and have been passed off as *reasons why* the polls went wrong. There is no reason to believe that such criticisms can furnish us with any part of the answer for the error. The error can only be discovered when the critics first find out *what happened* in the recent elec-

—Kennedy in *The Arkansas Democrat.*

"Showing 'Em Who Carries the Weight."

Loring in *The Providence Bulletin.*

"Move Over."

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tions. Then, they will have honest-to-goodness clues as to what the polls measured incorrectly or failed to measure.

Yet no one, to my knowledge, has up to now made a detailed study of voting patterns, ticket-splitting, shift in voting, shift in turnout, the effect of local candidates on the national ticket, and other factors which apparently were at work in the last election. So we find the curious situation in which there has been an overabundance of scholarly (and not so scholarly) analyses of why the polls failed to predict what was going to happen, but virtually no information on what *did* happen (other than the fact that Harry Truman won and the polls were wrong, and even the maligned polltakers are gifted with that hindsight!).

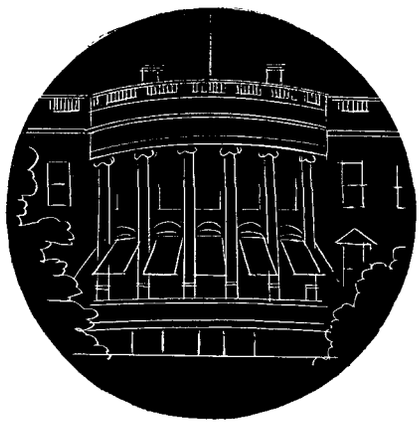
At the time this is written, the work of analyzing what really happened in the election is not completed. Only when we know the full facts can we know what really happened to the polls. It is too bad we aren't getting some help in this basic analysis from the people who have so much time to write books.

(2) In some of the books on the polls, and this is particularly true of Lindsay Rogers's new book, "The Pollsters," the critics set up straw men whom they decimate with polemic strokes of the pen. Rogers and some others set up a "hypothetical pollster" —a gargantuan man of astounding proportions—who speaks for all those engaged in this field of research. They attribute to this mythical polltaker an all-abiding faith in direct democracy, under which representative government is cast to the winds, and the results of polls are substituted in its stead. Every unfortunate remark made by anyone who has ever even written on the subject of polls is added to what the authors think the pollsters believe but do not say, and the whole is presented to the public as an accurate composite picture of all polltakers.

I am sure that if I were to write a book about political scientists and were to add up all the statements made by all political scientists and represent the composite as a picture of all "political scientists," there would be screams of "unfair!" And of course it would be just that. Yet in one book, polltakers in general are represented as believers in direct democracy who would have elected officials inevitably follow majority opinion. I have said, in print, on many occasions, that I believe the exact opposite and this is but one instance of the type of misrepresentation which is done.

(3) The third line of attack takes the form of a collective sigh of relief which goes something like this, "Thank God, this ends the measurement of men's thoughts. No one can really tell what people are thinking anyhow, and why should the privacy of opinion in a democracy be invaded by a stranger who asks a lot of prying questions?"

With that view there can only be flat disagreement. In a time when the



world has been shrunk in space and the survival of mankind depends on the ability of civilized society to find ways of living in peace, the crying need is to find out what makes men tick as parts of that society. We'll never learn to live together in peace, unless we know what motivates men to fall periodically into the pitfalls of war. The study of man has fallen behind the advances in the physical world. As the editor of *SRL* put it a few years ago, "modern man is obsolete." Well, what has made modern man obsolete, and how can our institutions for survival be brought up to date to solve the threat of self-destruction inherent in our modern weapons of warfare?

The answer clearly lies in finding out more about what people think, what they do, and how they live. There is a direct and inevitable relationship between how well modern man is understood and how well we survive in the twentieth century.

IN THE course of making these three indictments—and others—the critics frequently reveal that they have taken only a superficial look at polls and their methods. The critics do not seem to know, for example, that most opinion-research questions are not phrased to provide a simple answer of "Yes" or "No." They do not seem to be aware of the extensive use of depth interviews (a qualitative type of interview which is used extensively even before a questionnaire is written); open-ended questions in which a respondent tells the interviewer what his attitude is toward a subject and is not guided by any suggested choices; and other widely-used techniques in the opinion-research field.

It seems to me that if the critics wanted to be as fair as they protest they do, they ought to stop to consider not only the *several* techniques which are employed but also the uses other than election polls to which these techniques are being constantly applied—before they throw out the baby with the bath water.

Here are some specific areas in which responsible men make continuous use of the findings of public-opinion research:

Employee-Attitude Research: This research attempts to find out from the rank-and-file of workers in a given plant what problems they have on the job, how insecure they feel in their jobs and why, what they think of their working conditions, their pay, their foreman, and other problems involved in personnel and industrial relations. This is particularly useful for large plants, where top management has many layers of foremen and minor officials between it and the rank-and-file, and where attendance at union meetings rarely exceeds fifteen per cent of the membership. It provides an opportunity to find out what reaction workers have to the myriad of measures planned for them by their management and their unions. It should be noted that in this type of research "yes" and "no" type questions are rarely used, and we do not ask workers what they are likely to be doing a week or a month from now, but what they think about the job they do week in and week out.

Product Research: Businesses use this research to find out what the market potential is for new products, what new market areas can be explored by old products, what is the state of the market for a particular kind of product today, and what is the brand status of a particular company's product. This is probably the most widely used application of opinion research today. It prevents many costly mistakes—mistakes which would have to be charged up to the ultimate consuming public in the form of higher prices—or even in lay-offs and unemployment. And an aside to the critics: in these surveys we almost always ask people about what they *did* yesterday and then usually question only those people who have either used or have inspected the products about which we are inquiring.

Public-Relations Research: Businesses use this research to find out

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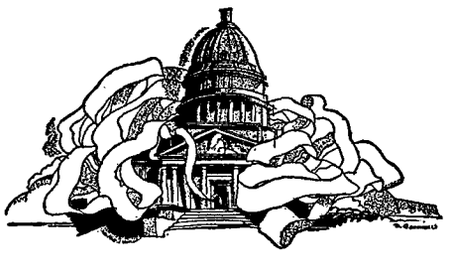
how much the people know about their company and its activities. Modern public relations encompasses a broad range of responsibilities, from the citizenship of the company, its labor-relations policies, its product reputation, to its role as a neighbor in their community. How well the policies of a given firm are understood and are getting across can be gauged by this type of research. It is now being used extensively by larger corporations, and by an increasing number of smaller ones.

Public-Issue Research: This research is widely publicized. It finds out how many people know about a given issue, what their sentiments are on the issue, how strongly they feel about the issue in relation to other issues of the day and throws some light on *why* they feel as they do. Robert Sherwood points out in his "Roosevelt and Hopkins" how the late President Roosevelt used this type of research in the period when America was shifting from isolationism to intervention back in 1940 and 1941. Critics of this research have said that it is dangerous to ask a cross-section of people such questions, because it makes timid men out of public leaders. It would be difficult to call Roosevelt timid when he made the destroyers deal or when he plotted the whole course of lend-lease or later when he planned all-out American participation in the United Nations. Roosevelt didn't ignore the polls. Nor did he feel bound by their results. But he *used* them intelligently—in striking contrast to many of today's critics.

Local Surveys: Local officials use surveys to find out what the public thinks of the services of their municipal government, and how those services can be improved. Such local polls serve as a running consultative index by which public officials can gauge their work. They make the voter articulate on a year-round basis. It doesn't mean that the public officials automatically submit to what the majority wants. But it does give them a guide line to the effectiveness of their acts and at least to how well their programs are being understood. The City of Louisville, under the direction of Mayor Charles Farnsley, has been particularly outstanding in making use of this type of research without blindly following every idea held by a majority.



Consumer-Economics Research: This research attempts to measure the liquid asset position of the consumers, and to sound out their hopes and fears about their immediate financial future. It tries to determine the economic climate as it is being created by the people themselves. Such data is regularly published by the Federal Reserve Board and *Fortune* magazine, and it is based exclusively on public opinion surveys. Interestingly enough, there is no way to obtain this important data on the status of consumer liquid assets, except through public-opinion research.

Use of Opinion Research in Writing and Teaching History: At Stanford University and at Williams College beginnings are being made in applying public-opinion research findings to the writing and teaching of history. Previously in assembling their facts, historians have depended on newspaper clippings and the recorded experience of leaders of the period. Opinion-research data gives the historian another trend line with which to trace the development of an era. An infallible trend line? No. A valuable auxiliary to what has been available in the past? Yes.

These are just some of the really fruitful uses of public-opinion research. The users of such research have continued to use it in ever-in-

(*Continued on page* 39)

Political Weather Prophets

THE POLLSTERS. By Lindsay Rogers. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1949. 239 *pp.* $2.75.

THE PEOPLE KNOW BEST: The Ballots vs. The Polls. By Morris L. Ernst and David Loth. Washington: Public Affairs Press. 1949. 169 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WARREN MOSCOW

IN November 1947 the American Press Institute, a school devoted to improving the background of journalists, held a seminar for editorial writers, to which a number of the nation's political reporters were invited as guest experts. During the round-table talk, it was noted that Dr. Gallup was at that moment predicting that Harry S. Truman could and would defeat any Republican candidate for the Presidency the following year.

There was a vigorous dissent, from this reporter. I said that Gallup had never been "right" in the past, within his own pre-election definitions of the term—and that I did not see how Truman could defeat any GOP possibility then being discussed with the exception of Douglas MacArthur or Robert A. Taft. The President was, I dogmatized, far too weak in the industrial areas on whose votes a Democratic nominee had to depend for election.

A short time later a Wallace candidate for Congress ran away from the regular Democratic nominee in a by-election in the Bronx; the fact was duly interpreted by the newspapers as a sign of Truman's weakness, and the following month Dr. Gallup reported that Mr. Truman could defeat no Republican candidate for President the following November.

It hardly seems likely that Mr. Truman actually lost much strength between November and February. It does illustrate a weakness, an unsoundness, in the interim polls which are announced as showing the public's mind on a particular issue at a particular moment.

This weakness is one that has generally been overlooked in the mad scramble to point out that the polls, as well as the political reporters, myself included, were wrong right up to election on a definite, provable point, the identity of the next President.

In his new book, "The Pollsters," Professor Lindsay Rogers of Columbia University, an old-time skeptic on the subject of the polls, launches about as devastating an attack on the whole theory of polling as has yet come from a qualified pen. He doesn't gloat too much about the error of the polls in the national election, where they were shown up to be wrong; he just challenges their validity from start to finish, including their premise as well as their result.

He recalls a poll in England which showed a heavy "public-opinion" sentiment against conscription before it was imposed, and an equally heavy majority for it, as soon as it was an accomplished fact. He believes that the pollsters go around asking a lot of questions and getting a lot of "answers" from people who have not yet been exposed to leadership on a particular question—who do not know yet why we should or should not establish bases in Lapland or Patagonia, or who have not been exposed to the real merits of the case for or against the super-aircraft carrier. They, the

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pollsters, then take a majority of those brash enough to venture an opinion, and call it "public opinion."

Even if seeking the people's opinion on such issues were sound—and Professor Rogers contends it is unsound under our form of government—he finds that the process anticipates even the unconscious formulation of such an opinion by the masses. "The truth is that the pollsters seek to turn the people into a beast which is asked to roar when it is not ready to do so."

Professor Rogers devotes 239 pages to proving, at least to his own satisfaction, that the pollsters do not know what public opinion is, and that they therefore cannot measure it. He goes further and contends that even if they did, and could measure public opinion at any particular moment, they would be performing not a public service, but an actual disservice. America is too big to be run by the town-meeting form of government.

Any pollster, if pressed, will admit that he can pretty well determine the result of a canvass by the form of the question he submits. Professor Rogers fails to find polling an exact science, and looks with a jaundiced eye on the post-election efforts to remedy the major failure of which the public has become aware.

Unfortunately, Professor Rogers's book will not compete in public appeal to the "Dr. I. Q." approach of Dr. Gallup. The professor's technique is far too philosophical, his numerous classical quotations take his work out of the realm of popular reading, and his tome is annotated to the point of annoying those who do want to read what he has to say.

Morris L. Ernst and David Loth, in "The People Know Best," launch a much more readable broadside, devoting themselves as they do to recounting with gusto the pre-election forecasts of polls, the columnists, and the political reporters. They also perform a public service, using simple arithmetic as a device, to show how the pollsters, particularly Dr. Gallup, play with figures after election to show how right they were before. For example, Gallup, if he gave two per cent of the national vote to a candidate who polled only one per cent, claims an error of "one percentage point," instead of the error of 100 per cent it actually was. By underestimating the Truman vote 4.3 percentage points, he actually committed an error of 9.7 per cent.

The Ernst-Loth book is fun for those who like to say, "I told you so." It is far from profound; in fact its content is at least as light as the slenderness of the volume would lead a non-reader to suspect. It reaches its climax on the last page, when the authors, having given the predictions of all the pundits, restate the actual election returns of November 2, 1948.

Both books avoid one line of criticism of the polls which seems to me to be valid. It is the smallness of the "sample." Gallup claims he polled 60,000 persons during the 1948 campaign. This is one-tenth of one per cent of the possible electorate. But in any one poll, fewer than 3,500 were interviewed by Gallup. And in the interim polls, not dealing with elections, the number interviewed is sometimes as low as 500, I have heard, not quite one for each Representative and Senator being told how to vote to please the public.

One of the best of the Washington columnists, Marquis Childs, tells of getting permission from Dr. Gallup to spend a day accompanying on her polling rounds a woman whom Dr. Gallup described as "one of my best operatives." The locale was Chicago. The woman spent the morning shopping in Marshall Field's, interviewed exactly two other women, and turned in her report.

Six years ago I was called, in Albany, by a Gallup poll operative from New York. The election coming up that year was a minor one, though statewide, and I had what turned out to be the correct opinion on the result. I was asked for it, gave it, but inquired why the pollsters had called me; what did their own results show? I was told that not much money was being spent on it that year; that only two men, using one telephone, were detailed to the job, and that I represented, to them, a convenient short-cut. I might have questioned the authenticity of the phone call if I had not received a confirmatory letter a few days later.

During the late and generally unlamented election, political reporters, even those who as I had no faith in the accuracy of the polls, found their normal news sources—the politicians who understand conditions in their own communities—contaminated by the polls. They tempered their own canvasses on the basis of what the pollsters were predicting. The reporters were guilty of not going beyond the politicians to the people, and of forming judgments and sticking to them in the face of danger signals now painfully apparent. But not even the brashest of us claimed infallibility, publicly at least. If the poll, like the poor, is always to be with us, let those who run them admit what a poll really is—a quick look out the window posing as a weather forecast.

Warren Moscow, political reporter for The New York Times, *is author of "Politics in the Empire State."*

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

POEMS THAT MENTION A WOMAN'S HAIR

Mrs. Gene Boardman Hoover, of Kansas City, Mo., submits twenty quotations from famous poems that mention a woman's hair. Allowing five points for either the title of the poem or its author, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 16.

1. Plaiting a dark red love knot into her long black hair.
2. He saw her hair like the brown seaweed on the billows fall and rise.
3. I love the dear silver that shines in her hair.
4. And Edith with golden hair.
5. And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair.
6. Her eyes are stars of twilight fair; like twilight's, too, her dusky hair.
7. To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair.
8. Her hair was long, her foot was light.
9. Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow bright with intelligence.
10. I would sing myself the whole of the day, with a comb of pearl I would comb my hair.
11. And the stars in her hair were seven.
12. With my powdered hair and jeweled fan.
13. With gold in her garment glittering, and she combs her golden hair.
14. My Mother bids me bind my hair, with beads of rosy hue.
15. Robed in the long night of her deep hair.
16. Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face.
17. Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown.
18. 'Twas a beautiful mist, falling down to your wrist,
    'Twas a thing to be braided, and jeweled, and kissed.
19. Though time has touched it in his flight,
    And changed the auburn hair to white.
20. Who touches a hair of yon gray head, dies like a dog!

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Fiction. *Fantasy has always existed in literature as an escape from dulness in peaceful times, and in days like the present as an interpretation of man's concern for the future. Robert Graves's latest book, "Watch the Northwind Rise," is a case in point. While we are worried about the progressive socialization of an increasingly scientific world, he offers a novel in which the utopian society of the future turns out to be a return to arcadian simplicity. A train pulled by oxen is its nearest approach to mechanization, and the only achievement of science is in the development of the powers of the human mind. If you are only interested in the present, Elizabeth Taylor's "A Wreath of Roses" is an exquisitely written account of a moment in time in an English village where nothing of importance to the world seems to happen but where the dramatic elements are no less intense for being presented in miniature.*

New Cretan "Utopia"

WATCH THE NORTHWIND RISE. By Robert Graves. New York: Creative Age Press. 1949. 290 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

ROBERT GRAVES, as historian-novelist, has held the stage for some years, for he is both the scholar and the lucid interpreter of history. But among these and other manifestations of his genius there has always been the poet, "the master-bard" of the pagan Celtic world. In his "The White Goddess" of last year, which T. S. Eliot called "a prodigious, stupefying, incredible book," he evokes the historical and legendary myths that explain man's gift for ecstasy and terror in the face of the tragic drama of birth, death, and resurrection. Following this esoteric reconstruction of a past that predates Christianity and Greek civilization, he has written an absorbing, yet light, utopian novel, to illustrate for minds repelled by his erudition and allusions to ancient mysteries beyond the ken of modern man, his theme of the power and glory of the implacable and fickle White Goddess, whose worship through the ages has taken so many strange forms. According to Mr. Graves, this is the hidden magic of all great poetry whose creators have been touched by the goddess's wand.

"Watch the Northwind Rise" is a paradox through which Mr. Graves returns to the dim past to explain his belief in man's true destiny on earth. Unlike so many novels of utopias of the distant future, science, with all of its devilish products of mechanical invention, has been cast aside. On the island of New Crete, thousands of years hence, an ancient inhabitant, an English poet of our own day, is evoked by the reigning magicians, who are bewildered by some aspects of their study of the crude and barbarous twentieth-century civilization. Edward Venn-Thomas, who can be easily identified as a projection of Robert Graves himself, finds himself seriously explaining to men and women of the New Cretan epoch the absurdity of the creeds, wars, and science that had led to the almost total extinction of man and his civilization on earth. The New Cretan Age has long ago dispensed with money, or with any other method of exchange; populations have been reduced so that man may live in the heart of nature. Nothing is manufactured that is not beautiful and that has not been handmade through love. Transportation is reduced to a train pulled by oxen. All of the dangerous and evil aspects of human nature have been given harmless outlets; brief, ceremonial wars between villages are permitted, for example. Society is divided into five estates; sex and love are permitted expression in every form; there are villages for monogamists where girls and youths are virgins before marriage, and others where the free development of sex, or even love without sex, is allowed, and people have the right to move from one village or Estate to another. Everyone dwells in the midst of plenty, surrounded by luxurious simplicity, and the classes have different and clearly distinguished sets of values.

Edward Venn-Thomas suddenly finds himself in a beautifully proportioned room, warmed by a wood fire and lighted by candles. His interrogators are of the magician class, handsome or beautiful people who have never experienced disease or illness. They lacked to the visiting barbarian's eye the qualities that our age prizes as character: "the look of indomintability which comes from dire experience

THE AUTHOR: For a man of more than fifty erudite, sometimes abtruse works, Robert Graves is an earthy chap. In Majorca, where he had lived since 1929, a villageful of grizzled chins lined up for him to double-kiss when he returned from wartime exile in 1946, and it is usual to see him loping along in a flopping macintosh, a shopping bag in one hand and a child or two (he has sired eight) clinging to the other. Thanks, however, to his paternal ancestry —Protestant Irish clergy and Scotch doctors—he is "always able when it is a question of dealing with officials to masquerade as a gentleman." To his mother's line, Saxon pastors, he credits his "clumsy largeness," endurance, energy, seriousness, and thick hair. To Charterhouse, he owes a broken nose playing rugger; to mutation, his "best comic turn"—a double-jointed pelvis. He was born in London, in 1895, the son of Alfred Percival Graves, the poet. He became one himself in 1914 while with the Royal Welch Fusiliers. World War I motivated his disillusioned autobiography "Goodbye to All That," completed three years after graduation from Oxford in 1926. In the Baleares he and Laura Riding conducted the Seizin Press and collaborated on the semi-annual "Epilogue—A Critical Summary." "I, Claudius," his celebrated first novel, like "Claudius the God," reconstructed Roman life. Other "analeptic" histories include "Wife to Mr. Milton," "Hercules, My Shipmate," and "King Jesus" (written concurrently with "The White Goddess"). "I read the word 'decency'," he says, "in the old religious sense of *Themis*, which is orderly, right, as it should be. Themis was an early name of the White Goddess, but Zeus stole her function of administering justice. Zeus represents the power of the sword and of male will. The only hope of a restoration of the decencies is a reassertion of the female principle as the controlling power of man's ill-humored sportiveness."—R.G.

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nobly faced and overcome." Worse, they had no sense of humor that he could understand. They appeared to Venn-Thomas to be the products of a denatured, soft society in which there was no scope for satire or parody. As his antiseptic bed mate he may choose between Sapphire, "the nymph of the month," or Sally, an equally beautiful young witch, who is dressed in the costume in which she had officiated at his evocation. With admirable restraint he chooses Sapphire, finding her nature more sympathetic and her profession less forbidding.

The reader suddenly discovers that he is involved in a triple satire—on present-day civilization, on all other utopian novels, and on humanity in general. Since it has been impossible to eradicate man's instinct to serve and command others, or to keep records meticulously, or to engage in trade, various classes have been invented. There is a king who dies when his reign is over; there are captains who are allowed to ride white horses and who enjoy telling people what to do; there are recorders and men who produce works of art and give them away to anyone who wants them. Human greed has been eradicated because any New Cretan can have everything he wishes. The use of mild luxuries like wine or tobacco have become pleasant and disciplined rituals. A child born to the Magician Class may be discovered to belong to the Servant Class and is promptly and painlessly removed to another household; or, if he is precociously interested in sex or the recording of facts, to another village.

Once this elaborate and almost laughable stage setting has been erected, the novel moves forward into drama that is conditioned by mysteries and the malign powers of the goddess everyone worships. In evoking Venn-Thomas the New Cretans had not reckoned that this creature from another age might bring a curse with him. Erica, a beautiful and brazen woman he had loved recklessly in his Late Christian Era days, has managed to ride with him into the future, possibly by clinging to his hair when he was translated to New Crete. A mysteriously manifested whirlpool of evil surrounds him. There is a suspicion that he has been brought by the White Goddess as a means of destroying the serenity of the anemic paradise over which she keeps guard. The time has come to break it up, to wreak havoc, and the bewildered Englishman finds himself cast in the role of a destroyer. There are strange deaths and magical rebirths, and weird dramas unfold until one moment at the end of the book Venn-Thomas finds himself back in his own horrible century and entering the bedroom of his wife.

"Watch the Northwind Rise" will never reach the popularity of many of Robert Graves's books. It is a literary oddity, a strange whim translated into sense and nonsense by his imagination and his store of knowledge of a lost past. According to the author, without this knowledge, man is in danger of losing everything that makes life worth living, including his perilous foothold on the earth. When he is finished with the book, the reader will discover that Mr. Graves has been standing him on his head, that he has had an entertaining diversion, and perhaps has received a profitable education in the sins of the world and the apparently ineradicable stupidity of twentieth-century man.

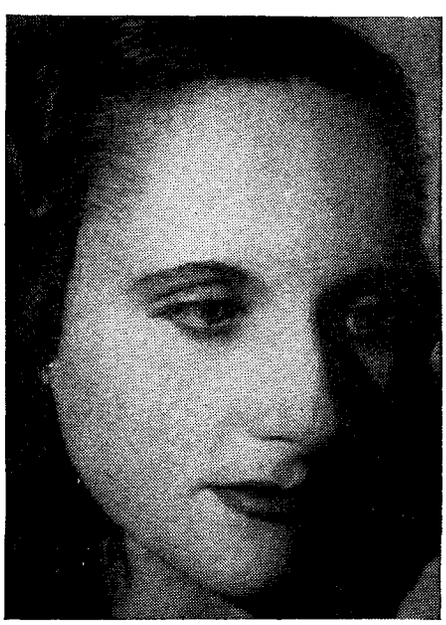
Ruffled English Retreat

A WREATH OF ROSES. By Elizabeth Taylor. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1949. 243 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN

AS against the over-abundance of screaming historical novels of adventure and episode, serenely remote from accepted abbreviated realism, Miss Taylor's novel stands proudly apart. Style alone could sustain it. But there are deeper treasures in her domain. Enriched by wit, a sort of sighing, aged wisdom, and an authoritative phrasing, her prose shimmers and her untroubled skill enchants us.

The time is now. The scene is an English village and the people we care about are few. There is old Frances, lady of the small rural cottage, hostess to her two younger friends: Liz, a recent mother, married somewhat indecisively to a snobbish curate; and Camilla, an uncertain, still single teacher. It is an annual holiday, an anticipated period of tranquil escape. Frances plays her piano, paints her pictures, while Liz frets over her baby, attempting endless unfinished letters to her husband, and Camilla rests, remembering the secret giggling companionship of their school days.



Elizabeth Taylor—"a sort of sighing, aged wisdom."

This year, however, the retreat is disturbed. On the railway trip down Camilla and a completely strange man are brought sharply together by witnessing a suicide on the tracks. The shared shock lingers. The stranger comes to the same village, tentatively courts Camilla, weaving lie after lie about himself yet never dispelling his sinister mystery. What obsesses him, what makes him avid for the daily newspaper, fearful of any suspected follower, and finally drives him to the exact death observed makes for the novel's subtle suspense.

The rest is a matter of personalities. Liz's husband comes to visit, to chatter piously over tea, and to jar the established rhythm. A film director, long a collector of Frances's pictures, comes to worship and succeeds in doing just that with reciprocal results. Mrs. Parsons, the char, laments her daughter's latest misstep, not sure whether the incipient male parent is the girl's fiance or "the man who comes to read the meter." It is all enormously interesting, and all the characters are crystal clear.

Miss Taylor achieves this clarity by seeing each person first through the eyes of associates, and later in the privacy of the individual heart and mind. Traits are heightened by action as one responds to a picnic, another to a motor ride, another to a merry-go-round spree, and still another to the stale smell of a messy room.

"Suppose," says the collector, describing an admired picture, "the barmaid woke from that frozen moment, the moment which we are so accustomed to, which has lasted so many years . . . all the mirrors would splinter, the world disintegrate, the moment fly away into thin air." Here is the key. Miss Taylor has captured a glistening moment and made it matter with all the artistry that enviable feat requires, demands, and so seldom gets.

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Checkered Trials

DOUBLE MUSCADINE. By Frances Gaither. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1949. 335 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by BUCKLIN MOON

"DOUBLE MUSCADINE" is built around a murder trial in antebellum Mississippi, where a light-colored slave girl is on trial as instigator of a murder plot against a white family—the plantation owner, his young wife, his sister-in-law, and his child by a former marriage—though actually the poison is fatal only to the little boy. Tried once, and found guilty, her lawyer has successfully appealed for a new trial, though it would seem that her chances for acquittal are indeed slight.

Merely on this level—the dramatic action inherent in a court trial—the story could have been an effective one, but actually it is a great deal more. Mrs. Gaither, as in her two previous novels, is once again deeply concerned with the effect that human slavery had on the South, and she probes deeply the impact of that institution on those who owned slaves—not only the familiar Delta aristocrat, but also the good yeoman stock in the less productive backwoods areas who became landed gentry on a smaller scale—and the class distinctions which grew up between slave owner and non-slave owner in an area where such distinctions had not existed before. She is also interested in miscegenation, not from the standpoint of the female slave but of the white master who formed such alliances and his wife who suffered from them, and she is concerned about a society which not only relegated slaves to an inferior position, but did much the same for white women, making their lot fully as hard and only slightly more rewarding.

That Mrs. Gaither has chosen to make these implications grow out of her story, rather than the other way around, allows her a latitude and pace seldom found in the novel devoted wholly to protest. As a result she can bring sharply into focus her native land—the feel and the smell of it, the subtle shadings of its speech and racial mores, and the cancerous, under-the-surface ferment of its people—without either pounding to death the social implications, or ignoring them completely.

If the result is not a great novel, it is at least a highly effective one, and young Syke Berry—the bottom rail of the familiar fence and the yeast which later produced the revolt of the common man against the aristocrat in the South—is no less effective merely because as a lawyer he is as motivated by his personal hatred of the slave-owning Kirk McLean as by his desire to see justice done. The passiveness of Kirk's seventeen-year-old wife, Martha, is the perfect foil for the matriarchal and dependable Hat, who, though far superior as a person to Kirk, must, by a biological quirk, play up to her dead sister's husband as the dominant male.

—*Lotte Jacobi.*

Frances Gaither—"once again deeply concerned with the effect that human slavery had on the South."

Yet to this reviewer, at least, "Double Muscadine" might have been a better novel had not the author's objectivity been carried to such lengths. In her determination to condemn no one and to take no sides, she has lost strength by telling her story almost completely through the eyes of her white characters, so that her Negroes become mere props, players offstage so to speak. Thus readers, unsure until the final resolution by a skilful plot twist at the end, how to feel towards Aimee, the light-skinned and comely Negro slave girl, are likely to feel nothing. Mrs. Gaither's reasons for this, I'm sure, were to create suspense, yet the overall loss is great and it is this, perhaps, which places "Double Muscadine" in a category slightly below that of a wholly realized creative effort. In spite of this, however, it is a joy to read a decent piece of writing again after the dehydrated pap which has come to be the rule, rather than the exception, in our more recent popular fiction.

Bucklin Moon is author of "Without Magnolias," a novel to be published next month by Doubleday & Co., and recent winner of the George Washington Carver award.

Working Man's Woes

SPIT AND THE STARS. By Robert Mende. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1949. 378 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by JAMES T. FARRELL

THIS is a first novel by Robert Mende, who was born in New York in 1925. Mr. Mende has, apparently, had the same kind of range of experiences as have the great majority of American writers of plebeian origin in the last twenty years. He has hitch-hiked, and done many kinds of work, and has been, apparently, self-educated.

His novel tells a story of a Jewish working man's family. The main background is laid in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. In time, the book runs from the 1920's on through to the middle of the Thirties. The central character of "Spit and the Stars" is Gregg Haber, the only boy in the Haber family; there are also two daughters. Mr. Mende relies largely on dialogue, and he has a talent for recording the speech of a poor Jewish-American milieu.

In intent the book is serious, and it is meant to express sympathy for the members of the Haber family, their neighbors, and for the working class and its trade-union leaders. However, this is another novel in which sympathy and good intentions are not matched by insight. When Mr. Mende allows his characters to talk for themselves, and places them in a domestic or neighborhood setting, his story takes on a suggestion of reality. However, when he leaves the boundaries of a tenement home and a slum street, in order to deal with the relationships of clerks with their bosses and with the development of the CIO, he descends to caricature and to the use of stereotypes. His treatment of a CIO union is sentimental. The leader is a union Rover Boy rather than a human being, and the author's general picture of the role of the union in organizing a strike is sloppy. When he describes the home and neighborhood of Gregg Haber, his selection helps to reveal something of the life and nature of his people. But when he describes Gregg as a new union man, his selection seems to be based on both sentimental and didactic intentions. His accounts of police brutality are melodramatic, overdone, and read almost like a scenario, written in the spirit of Hollywood sadism. He uses stereotypes of goons, and his account of the financial relationship between these goons and a boss is presented in a manner that may best be described as cartooning. The progressive, pro-union sentiment in the book is good

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in itself, but in the context of the novel, it reads like mere Hollywood "progressivism."

In general, the influence of the scenario and of motion pictures is to be observed in the organization of the novel. Touches of realistic dialogue are mixed in with a love affair and a strike which are conceived on the level of the American motion-picture imagination. Further, the sympathy of the author is constantly negated by recurrent comments which are on the smart-aleck side, and which are highly distracting, at least to this reader.

Mr. Mende has talent, but he here shows no power of conception. He is careless, not in his writing, but in his conceptions and in the way he has worked out the underlying structure of his novel. There are lessons in this deficiency. For a writer to be on the side of the angels does not necessarily help him to organize his details in writing a novel which recounts the victory of the angels over the devils. Also, the conventions of so-called realistic fiction do not substitute for depth of insight. More and more, young writers are adopting these methods, but they are using them in order to introduce a motion-picture scenario imagination, and to depict human and social relationships on a Hollywood and journalistic level. This is masked by a more free treatment of sex than is permitted in motion pictures, but the realism of books of this order is merely superficial. Mr. Mende can write better than he has done in his first novel. It seems that

(*Continued on page* 29)

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 300

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 300 *will be found in the next issue.*

B DPPTLDHCK LCEHALI HT B

DPPTLDHCK TRHKK BAI DLL-

TL VHKK DBMMKL LFLCNVUL-

CL TUL DPLT.—IPCPRUN CLHI.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 299

There is no cure for birth and death save to enjoy the interval.
—G. SANTAYANA.

The World.

The great debate about what our part in the post-war world should be continues to engross the attention of public officials, publicists, and publishers. Among the more notable discussions of the past triennium are Clarence Streit's "Union Now," N. J. Spykman's "Geography of the Peace," Walter Lippmann's "The Cold War," and Sumner Welles's "Where Are We Heading?" To this international-relations bookcase, since the turn of the year, have been added Paul McGuire's "There's Freedom for the Brave," Robert Payne's "Report on America," and Fritz Sternberg's "Living with Crisis." Two books we review this week seem to merit place on the top shelf. In "The World's Best Hope," Francis Biddle urges that we assume the role in world affairs formerly played by Britain. In "We, of the Americas," Carlos Dávila argues that British policy in Latin America continues to menace world peace.

For Potential Isolationists

THE WORLD'S BEST HOPE. By Francis Biddle. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1949. 175 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

As soon as you start applying in human relations any neat polar dualism you realize that in fact you are dealing with a spectrum in which one instance shades almost immeasurably into another. None the less, if it is not held and applied dogmatically, the dualism is often useful. There seems to be emerging now in the United States two contrasting group attitudes on foreign relations, one in favor of a world government of some sort, with at least some sovereign powers, and with or without the participation of Russia, the other in favor of frank American acceptance, in a world of balance-of-power politics among seventy-odd "sovereign" nations, of something like the position held until recently by Great Britain. And yet, even accepting the gradations and shadings from one of these positions to the other, the analytical observer knows this dualism is inadequate. For, as the wise among both our world federationists and our balance-of-power "realists" know, there is a third group, the nowadays rather subdued isolationists, heirs, certainly, of long years of American history.

Mr. Biddle, who is a wise, moderate, and persuasive advocate of the policy of our accepting, and improving on, the British role in world politics, is fully aware of the existence of the isolationists, not so much as an organized political group, but rather as a mass of Americans verbally internationalist enough, but by conditioning, and by habit incapable of accepting in action the responsibilities of our present international position.

"The World's Best Hope" is directed rather at ordinary, hesitant Americans than at the world federationists. It is directed particularly at those potential isolationists who hold that we must not collaborate with, let alone buttress, Western European nations practising wicked Socialism. Just how successful Mr. Biddle will be with innocent businessmen who think that Socialism and Communism are identical is hard to say. One phase of his argument—that in the eyes of the orthodox economic individualist American practice is not untinged with "Socialism"—though profoundly true, is not the kind of argument that easily wins converts. It may boomerang.

"The World's Best Hope"—the phrase is Jefferson's, and refers to the United States, if you're in doubt—is one of the best of the many little books on our international relations that keep falling from the presses. Mr. Biddle presents in clearest terms the assumptions, standards, aims, and temper of the very important group that would have us, at least for the present, organize the world against Russian aggression by methods essentially like those the British have used for four centuries successively—and in some senses, certainly, successfully—against Spanish, French, and German aggression. He is less deliberately hard-boiled than the school of N. J. Spykman, more persuasive, less pontifical, than Mr. Lippmann, more earthy, less aloof, than Mr. Welles. The idealists who think the British were themselves hypocritical aggressors will probably think that Mr. Biddle is in fact preaching hypocritically a form of aggression. Yet, to an observer perhaps not sensitive enough in these matters, Mr. Biddle seems to avoid the attitude of "holier than thou," seems not to want to take up

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the white man's burden, seems, in short, to have avoided preaching as successfully as he avoids cynicism.

This is a book written from a wide experience of men and of ideas, a book that somehow conveys the atmosphere of concrete reality, of confused cross-currents of opinion, of contingency, of decision-making, in this democracy of ours. It should be read and pondered, even by those who think we can do better than accept the heritage of Cobden, Palmerston, Disraeli, and Earl Grey.

Enemy, Status Quo

ACTIONS AND PASSIONS. By Max Lerner. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1949. 367 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WELLINGTON ROE

HERE is a book to delight the left-center intelligentsia. And it must be said immediately that like Mr. Lerner's previous works (with the possible exception of "The Mind and Faith of Justice Holmes") it is spirited political comment and a bold attack upon the defenders of social orthodoxy. Precisely, it is a generous sampling of the author's columns and editorials in the newspaper *PM* and its recently defunct successor, the *New York Star*. Most of the selections in the book, however, are from the *PM* cycle of Mr. Lerner's work. Not more than a dozen have been culled from the *Star* and other publications such as the *American Scholar*. This indicates both the scope and perspective of the volume.

Radical in tone, it is only occasionally shrill. Repetitious in theme, it is not dull. It is further evidence of Mr. Lerner's sincere belief in the all-time righteousness of the left-wing cause; and it is another exhibition of his mastery of the dialectic of the revolutionary cult. Lerner has a special talent for stating such arguments forcefully without descending to the melodramatics which make so much of the left discourse infantile. Consequently, while many readers doubtlessly will disagree with his political and social position, it seems likely that only intellectual primitives will contend the book is not an excellent statement of the view of the left-liberal toward American society. Because its language is generally restrained, it also will doubtlessly prove a useful weapon for native radicals in the complex battle for the American mind.

But beyond such limits the book will have minor appeal. For one thing it proves again—if proof is needed—that while a newspaper column read at random may be profitable, some 200 such columns compressed into a single volume become plethoric. It is just too much, even of a good thing. Mr. Lerner has enhanced this tendency by selecting pieces written to a consistently similar pattern. His intent appears to have been to provide his readers with a continuity of expression on a number of subjects, but the result is in the nature of a phonograph recording of the sounds from a political battleground.

Nevertheless, as readers familiar with Mr. Lerner's previous works know, the range of his interests is amazing. In this book he comments on such diverse matters as President Truman's handling of the 1946 railroad strike (where he has distorted the established facts), Charlie Chaplin's superb ability as a mime, H. G. Wells's imaginative writing, Palestine, the cold war, Trotsky and Stalin, the evil of the Ku Klux Klan, Jim Crowism, the 1948 political conventions, and the management of the Brooklyn Dodgers. In all of these and the many other pieces which make up the book the Enemy is always Status Quo.

Yet despite Lerner's vigorous support of what are widely hailed as "progressive" movements, he has had the good sense to avoid the use of hackneyed and overworked terms such as Fascist and Enemy of the People to characterize all who might oppose the social changes he desires. This, in itself, is a refreshing tactfulness in a book of this kind. Mr. Lerner has not been entirely successful in breaking out of the circular web of left-wing thinking, however, and phrases such as "the Big Money," "Big Business," and "the Big Press" are used constantly to describe the industrial, newspaper, banking, and business interests of the nation.

Unquestionably Lerner's fear of the evil effect of monopoly capital on our established system is well founded. It also can be reasonably asserted that the huge newspaper chains have failed to support the processes of an ideal democracy. But it is notable that while he has constant terror of these institutions, Mr. Lerner has no similar fear of the equal dangers to our traditional system inherent in monopoly unionism, special-group politics, and paternalistic government.

In all fairness it should be remarked that the book is one of the less strident works of its genre, and that as an expression of faith by a warm human being it is an acceptable addition to contemporary social-political literature. It is not (as the publisher's jacket blurb would have us believe) a reliable guide for the liberal in search of direction in the confused and confusing times in which we live. Its greatest appeal will be to a readership which is familiar enough with Lerner's viewpoint to find it a pleasurable echo of its own thinking.

March Day in Vermont

By Gerhard Friedrich

SPRING is not yet. The trees stand gaunt and bare,
Like ghostly dancers, dark and atrophied.
Becalmed, without a cloud, the wintry air
Numbs the rebellious blood, and, canopied
By the immaculate expanse of sky,
The patient earth lies spellbound and subdued,
A hoary sleeper dominated by
Pale dreams of autumn's past beatitude.

Bird notes are missing from this frozen scene.
The sun has not her strength. The fettered brook
Remains ensnared. No hints of golden green
Come from the mountainsides. Write in your book:
Spring is not yet, but spring is none the less
One March day nearer with its loveliness.

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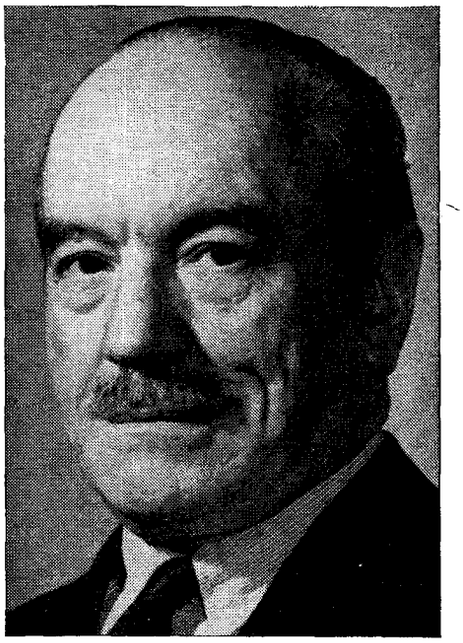
Buttering Our Bread on Wrong Side?

WE, OF THE AMERICAS. By Carlos Dávila. Chicago: Ziff-Davis. 1949. 264 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

AN increase of fifty cents a day in the purchasing power of 150,000,000 Latin American people—an amount equal to less than a fourth of a one-round wage demand in the United States—would absorb more than this country will likely ever be able to export. This observation by former Chilean President Carlos Dávila would seem to support President Truman's recent proposals that this country has the holy mission to raise the living standards of the underprivileged of the rest of the world. But Mr. Dávila, one of Latin America's most urbane and outstanding diplomats, who has resided for twenty years in this country, quietly marshals facts to prove that what actually is taking place is a restoration of Eurasian and Eurafrican cartels, largely controlled by England, a recreation of a reinvigorated closed empire by the British in good part at the expense of our own strategic security, trade, and prosperity. In fact, he finds the very survival of the United States is far more endangered today than it was even during the war.

He sees no clear-cut division of the world into the black and white of Communism, which is the whole basis of our foreign policy, but argues that there is still a three-power world: the Pan-Slavic, Greek Catholic, Communist iron-curtain world; the planned Socialist empire of Britain, trying to rejuvenate itself with semi-slave black African labor, which increasingly blocks free trade in the world, and which is still interlocked with the Dutch and French empires;



—*Jay Seymour.*

"Carlos Dávila feels that we are living in a fool's paradise."

and the United States, a place of great liberty and freedom, not properly to be labeled "capitalist" and not always democratic. "Even in the United States the choice between a Republican and a Democrat resembles a dilemma more than a free election."

The difference is, according to Dávila, that whereas the Soviets and the British are consolidating their positions, the latter with the help of our resources, the United States is following the will-o'-the-wisp of a regional federation with Europe, which has no geographic, economic, or true political basis, and has made Pan-Americanism a farce, shoving aside all proposals for proper hemispheric economic relations. In the face of overseas consolidation and narrowing trade possibilities, the whole Western Hemisphere is divided, resources neglected, and it is now more pitifully threatened by collapse than at any time in history.

Apparently, he argues, we learned nothing from Pearl Harbor and the cutting off of cartel products in the Far East, which now are even more precarious because of spreading revolutionism and nationalism. Apparently we learned nothing from the fact that the Wehrmacht came close to dipping its fingers deep into the Near East and Africa. Failure to promote the economic and political solidarity of the Americas may leave us disastrously in the lurch should another war descend on us. In a world of narrowing trade horizons—since in any case neither Africa nor southern Asia, though providing resources, promises early outlets for American products—this failure will affect United States prosperity and lower living standards.

Instead of seeking strong regional security within a secure framework, and thereby laying foundations for a proper world federalism and a United Nations free from great-power domination, Mr. Dávila continues, we are pouring our dwindling treasure into a Europe, which even at the time of the adoption of the Marshall plan was already producing nearly as much as before the war, and which today is producing far more than previously. British steel production has never been higher in all its history. Mr. Dávila sees this policy and the failure of two wars to provide security or world freedom as having dangerously depleted our resources and tragically heightened our insecurity and safety as a people, exposing ourselves, as well as the other New World nations, now so neglected, to even worse defeats.

He gives the story of product after product, for which the United States had to expend vast sums during the war to improvise new sources, and which have been returned, by international agreement and other measures, to the hands of the Eurasian and Eurafrican cartels. The result is that in the United States and in Latin America production in those lines is now being destroyed.

Mr. Dávila feels that we are living in a fool's paradise, and though in opposing current hysteria, dogmas, policy, and set propaganda, he is hurling himself against a log-jam, he prefers to be "useful" rather than "popular." One cannot be both. This is a brilliant, thought-provoking book.

Carleton Beals is author of "Rio Grande to Cape Horn" and many other volumes about Latin America.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Noyes: "The Highwayman." 2. Longfellow: "The Wreck of the Hesperus." 3. Rida Johnson Young & Chauncey Olcott: "Mother Machree." 4. Longfellow: "The Children's Hour." 5. Van Dyke: "America for Me." 6. Wordsworth: "She Was a Phantom of Delight." 7. Kipling: "The Vampire." 8. Keats: "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." 9. Byron: "Don Juan." 10. Tennyson: "The Mermaid." 11. Rossetti: "The Blessed Damozel." 12. Lowell: "Patterns." 13. Heine: "The Lorlei." 14. Anne Hunter: "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair." 15. Tennyson: "The Princess." 16. Poe: "To Helen." 17. English: "Ben Bolt." 18. Miles O'Reilly: "Jannette's Hair." 19. Longfellow: "The Golden Legend." 20. Whittier: "Barbara Frietchie."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 782)

*COUNTEE CULLEN:
YET DO I MARVEL

Inscrutable His ways are, and immune
To catechism by a mind too strewn
With petty cares to slightly understand
What awful brain compels His awful hand.
Yet do I marvel at this curious thing:
To make a poet black, and bid him sing!

*From "The Poetry of the Negro, 1746-1949: A Definitive Anthology," edited by Arna Bontemps and Langston Hughes.

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The War.

Both of the books reviewed below are accounts of World War II seen through the eyes of single men, but the points of vantage of their authors are as far apart as the glamor-filled VIII Army Headquarters and a cold, muddy hole on the front. In "El Alamein to the River Sangro," Field-Marshal Montgomery continues the straightforward if colorless report on his campaigns which he began in last year's "Normandy to the Baltic." In "To Hell and Back," Sergeant Audie Murphy, "America's most decorated soldier," recounts his own war from Italy to Germany, simply, modestly, and movingly.

Exploits of the British Eighth

EL ALAMEIN TO THE RIVER SANGRO. By Field-Marshal the Viscount Montgomery. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1949. 192 *pp.* $6.50.

Reviewed by HARRY C. BUTCHER

A GREAT general and a great actor, Field-Marshal the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein writes of the renowned exploits of the British Eighth Army in a stage whisper, but always with a capital "I."

During the war I observed that there appeared to be two kinds of successful generals: the "we" men and the "I" men. Examples of the first are, of course, Generals Eisenhower, Alexander, and Bradley; of the second, Montgomery, MacArthur, and Patton. Modesty and a desire to give credit to subordinates characterized the "we's." Egoism to the nth degree marked the "I's." Yet both types were successful, and certainly Monty is entitled to the credit of never having lost a major battle.

In this book the general whose beret became a fashion style for women at one time during the war describes the strategy and tactics which won his battles, starting with the defense against Rommel's forces at Alam Halfa, which preceded and paved the way for the victory of El Alamein, and ending with the slugging match along the River Sangro in Italy on the long road to Rome, where Monty left his beloved Eighth to return to England for his biggest assignment.

The Field-Marshal's book will be of greatest interest to students of military history, and, of course, to those who were in the battles he describes, but the layman with only a casual interest in how battles are fought will, I am afraid, find it slow going. Monty wrote with inspired words when he prepared a message to be "read out" to the troops on the eve of a battle, but in this treatise he has omitted his dynamic dramatics.

A more readable book covering the same ground was written by the Field-Marshal's Chief of Staff, Major-General Sir Francis ("Freddy") DeGuingand, "Operation Victory." Perhaps the reason I like the Chief of Staff's account so much more is because he so interestingly describes his "master" from intimate association under widely varying circumstances of stress and success as an obstinate yet lovable and colorful personality. Monty has hidden this personality pretty much under his frequent use of the personal pronoun. The comparison illustrates a truism I observed during the war: A general was much more fortunate if the correspondents wrote *about* him rather than quoted him.

But for the student who likes his facts set forth in straightforward and simple manner, and who wants particularly the reasons behind the commander's decisions in battle, the Field-Marshal has given a splendid lecture. His description of battles is well illustrated with seventeen colored maps, and I can picture him standing at a map in a stifling hot war tent before his staff officers explaining "the intentions of the commander." In this field I thought Monty especially effective. He had the ability and the patience to communicate to his principal officers what he and they were to accomplish, and the manner in which the battle was to be fought, so that in the turmoil of the fighting the maximum of teamwork was obtained.

When the United States entered the war, we soon found that the British were much more adept in practising deception on the enemy than were the Americans. But we learned from the British. To show the type of effort which was painstakingly undertaken many times to fool the opposition, one deception or "cover plan" is described by Monty. Having decided where Rommel's minefields in front of the British troops at El Alamein would be pierced for the breakout, Montgomery then undertook to convince the enemy that this effort would be made at a different spot, miles away. By means of wireless messages which he knew the enemy was intercepting and decoding, he hoped to aid the deception. In the meantime, and for days before the attack, the flow of motor traffic was kept rolling over the roads behind the principal point of attack at such a volume with the aid of dummy motor transport and armored vehicles that when the actual move came to strengthen that point for the big push, the enemy's aerial photographs showed no change in the rate of build-up. Supplies were stacked in motor parks to resemble vehicles in aerial photographs. These, and no doubt other ruses which he does not go into in detail, helped fool the enemy and therefore contributed to the ultimate victory at Alamein.

Master of the "set battle," and master, too, of infusing fighting spirit into his men, Monty has set down an important contribution to the history of the tedious but triumphant march of the Eighth Army from Alamein to the River Sangro. After the Field-Marshal had said goodbye to his troops in Italy to take his new assignment for the cross-channel operation into France, that classic movement of fighting men was appropriately described by Winston Churchill in Montgomery's autograph book:

> The immortal march of the Eighth Army from the gates of Cairo along the African shore, through Sicily, has now carried its ever-victorious soldiers far into Italy towards the gates of Rome. The scene changes and vastly expands. A great task accomplished gives place to a greater, in which the same unfailing spirit will win for all true men a full and glorious reward.

Captain Harry C. Butcher, USNR, owner of Radio Station KIST, Santa Barbara, Calif., is author of "My Three Years with Eisenhower."

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A Soldier's Business

TO HELL AND BACK. By Audie Murphy. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1949. 274 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR C. FIELDS

IT can happen on a sunny day or just as night falls. It can happen in a grocery store or on a subway or while reading the newspaper. All at once, there is the feeling that no longer are you alone, that, all at once, the others are there with you, laughing, talking, swearing just as they did before, just the way it was in the war. And you look at yourself in the subway window or as you hoist your bag of groceries, and you indulge yourself for a moment, reliving the experiences, revaluing that part of your life. Thinking back to the war—not the global, worldwide war—but your war, the war made up of a lot of men like you. You see human beings doing a little more than they ever thought they could do, straining past the breaking point, fighting and hating fighting, killing and abhorring their crimes—and then, amazingly, because of them, because of you and others like you, the WAR, that immense, uncontrollable juggernaut is over, kaput, licked, and beaten by men, little insignificant men—like you. And suddenly your suit feels uncomfortable, your topcoat seems strange, the felt hat on your head (that you bought only recently) looks ridiculous. And you walk down the street in a dream, wondering why you are here, what connection there is between the cement sidewalk and yourself—not your name, not your address—but your real self, the real you that was born for a few moments in Europe or in Sicily or in Burma perhaps; the man who surprised everyone (yourself most included) by his native cunning, his clear-headedness in danger, his courage, his heroism. Walking down the street with the bundle in your hand, you wonder just for a moment. You shake your head and pause at the steps to your house. You stop there remembering your strength, your sureness; wondering, puzzling at the change—But then an auto horn, or the crash of a garbage can, or a siren, or a kid on roller skates shakes the thoughts loose and, all at once, it is a fine felt hat that you sport on your head; your suit looks like a million bucks. And with a whistle, you bound up the steps and call out loudly for your wife, as the dreams, the war, the man you once were, are forgotten, gone with the years, finished forever.

Mr. Murphy's "To Hell and Back" is just such a pause, a single moment of remembering outside the steps of what we call home.

Audie Murphy is best known as the most decorated soldier of World War II. He is also a motion-picture actor and the husband of Wanda Hendrix. But in "To Hell and Back," he is simply the author, a modest, extremely factual narrator who puts down things just as he saw them, whose war autobiography is more than his own—it is the story of Snuffy, of Kerrigan, of Horse-Face Johnson, and of Brandon, whose daughter's request to cut off her pigtails was of more concern to the men than the war. These men were men of action. And theirs is a book of action, steady, fast-paced, quiet yet forceful in its frankness. Audie Murphy first saw action in Sicily, where he immediately began to distinguish himself for bravery and heroism. "I had always wanted to be a soldier," says Audie and before the book is over he has had himself more than a "bellyful" of fighting. Anzio, Italy, Southern France, the Colmar Pocket (where he received the Congressional Medal of Honor), the final mop-up of Germany. On VE-Day, Lieutenant Murphy is en route to the Riviera. Someone wonders at the excitement outside. "It's VE-Day." "Somebody ought to holler," comes the retort. "I haven't got the energy."

That's war from the soldier's viewpoint, a viewpoint which, incidentally, becomes more forgotten as our recovery from the memory of war becomes more complete. Only a few weeks ago in this magazine [*SRL* Feb. 12] Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" was criticized as follows:

> It is hard to believe in the too long and over-elaborated description of the agonies suffered by the thirteen men who tried to cross the island. Is it conceivable that as skilled a man as murderous Sergeant Croft, who led it, would have included three sick men in his detail, victims respectively of gonorrhea, a kidney disease, and diarrhea; or that doctors would have refused to examine two of the sickest before they began their gruelling journey?

A more perfect summary of our forgetfulness of what war was can hardly be imagined. Sergeant Murphy returns to Anzio with a hang-over from malaria, accompanied by a man still suffering from gonorrhea. The agonies undergone by GI's on that blood-soaked beach could never be "over-elaborated" even if repeated forever. As for doctors' examinations in the middle of combat and other civilian conceptions of war, Audie Murphy answers them with a grim little story. The Germans, trying to send a tank into the American lines, mounted an American lieutenant and an American sergeant on front. The American shell that disabled the German tank passed through the body of the American lieutenant.

That was war. Our war. American version. If Author Murphy has done anything best, it has been to remind us that the fighting war is a soldier's business. And soldiers are a race apart. They kill impersonally, they wound and cripple at will, they burn, freeze, and drown their enemies, and if they do not, their enemies will oblige by doing the same to them. "Now get this straight in your head," says Audie Murphy. "If a man comes over that hill, he'll be a German. One of you is going to get killed. The man that shoots first will be the one that lives. So don't let civilian conscience get in your way. Draw your bead and pull that trigger fast."

There is no civilian conscience in "To Hell and Back." It is a fighter's story of a fighter's war. Stark, grim, straight from the shoulder, "To Hell and Back" is a terrible, powerful book. We may continue to be guilty of lapses of memory, but books like these will force us to remember. The remembering may be unpleasant, but then, war is unpleasant. We will still go upstairs with the groceries, but it will be with a better sense of values, and a much greater appreciation of the miracle to which we returned—our home.

—*From "Art in the Armed Forces."*

Self-Portrait by William J. Gunn in full gear for a fifteen-mile hike.

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Personal History. *The two life stories which our reviewers discuss this week are both second instalments in what promise to be extensive works; both deal with men of action; both follow respected literary patterns. In the tradition notably exemplified by Douglas Freeman's "George Washington" and Carl Sandburg's "Robert E. Lee," Charles M. Wiltse in "John C. Calhoun, Nullifier" continues his detailed, judicious, and readable biography of that great spokesman for the viewpoint of the antebellum South. The tradition behind Melvin Hall's "Bird of Time" is older, dating back at least as far as the fourteenth-century travel reports of Sir John Mandeville and Marco Polo. In it readers will find some of the boyish exuberance and the perennial sophomore's delight in adventure and excitement in faraway places that characterized the writings of that favorite of the Twenties, Richard Halliburton.*

Maturing of a Statesman

JOHN C. CALHOUN, NULLIFIER, 1829-1839. By Charles M. Wiltse. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1949. 511 pp. $6.

Reviewed by JOHN A. KROUT

IN ANY society which endeavors to base governmental decisions upon popular mandates, the reconciliation of minority rights and majority rule is a perennially insistent problem. Much of the American political tradition could be described in terms of the questions thus posed and the attempts which have been made to answer them. Each generation faces the problem anew, in familiar, if varied guises—religious parochialism, economic conflict, sectional rivalry, class struggle. Whatever the form, the basic question is usually the same. How far can the majority go in a democracy in imposing its will before its decisions create a tyranny as galling as that of a dictatorship?

Few American statesmen have been so determined as John C. Calhoun to find the formula which would safeguard minority interests and still not paralyze the power of the majority. The story of these persistent but unsuccessful efforts constitutes the theme of this second volume of Mr. Wiltse's judicious biography of the great South Carolinian. Readers of the first volume, which appeared almost five years ago, will remember the impressive portrait of young Calhoun, ardently nationalistic, spurred to action by his "buoyant ambition to lead an adolescent nation on to greatness." They will find in the present pages a more mature statesman—keener in his analysis of the economic forces operating in his state and nation; shrewder at times in his appraisal of men's motives and purposes; more confident of his own intellectual resources; and surer than ever that his principles are sound and that his objectives are good for his country. The duties of life weigh heavily on him, but he has not yet reached the day when embittered Henry Clay can caricature him as "tall, careworn, with furrowed brow, haggard and intensely gazing, looking as if he were dissecting the last abstraction which sprung from a metaphysician's brain."

For Calhoun the decade beginning with the inauguration of Andrew Jackson, and his own second term as Vice President, was full of paradoxes. His intellectual growth brought no lifting of his horizons for a broader view. His political theories, developed with almost faultless logic, were drawn more frequently from faulty premises. The more active he became in the management of public affairs, the more absorbed did he become in abstractions. The outlines of potential struggles in the distant future were sharply delineated in his mind, but he seemed to be blind to the petty intrigues and sharp practices of his close associates.

Frustration was the keynote of Calhoun's career in these feverish years: frustration in his attempt to persuade Andrew Jackson to bring relief to South Carolina, writhing under what it considered the grievous burdens of the protective tariff; frustration in his efforts to prove that his doctrine of nullification, which he reluctantly put to the test, could protect any sectional minority against the majority; frustration in his plan to use the anti-Jackson coalition as a means of checking the advance of Northern capitalists and their allies. As the decade of the 1830's drew toward its close, he did succeed in bringing Western and Southern Democrats into a tenuous alliance, which gave him his day of power in Van Buren's Administration. But even this triumph had its ironic twist, for no one had done more to thwart Calhoun's ambitions than the suave gentleman from New York.

(*Continued on page* 25)

"As a matter of fact, I've gotten some very interesting effects this way."

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Bogus Best Sellers

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following article, prepared and written by Roland Gelatt of the SRL staff, seems to the editors to be of sufficient importance to warrant publication on this page.*

A FEW weeks ago readers of *The New York Times* were startled by an advertisement of Harcourt, Brace directed against the "best-seller" list. This advertisement began by reproducing the *Times* best-seller list of February 20, in which "The Seven Storey Mountain" by Thomas Merton appeared in eleventh place. It then went on to quote the actual sales figures for the book since the first of the year (more than 60,000 copies). On the basis of these figures the publishers expressed their belief that the best-seller list was wide of the mark, that "The Seven Storey Mountain," far from being in eleventh place, should have been listed as the No. 1 non-fiction best seller. To back up their conviction Harcourt, Brace issued a challenge: "If any publisher can show better sales figures than these for the same period on any book from the above list, we will buy this space for him to say so next Monday." The challenge went unanswered.

Harcourt's advertisement brought to public view an issue which has long bothered the book trade: the degree of accuracy in best-seller lists. To publishers and booksellers it is no new problem; they have been grumbling about best-seller lists for years. An individual in the book trade is naturally in a position to know actual sales figures—not all the figures for all the books, but enough so that one person, by comparing notes with others, can get a pretty clear notion of what is going on. These "people in the know" have come to view best-seller lists with considerable skepticism, if not disdain. They have wondered, and speculated among themselves, at the means employed to get results which so often are at variance with the real facts. But, for one reason or another, little has been done except grumbling. The courageous advertisement of Harcourt, Brace is a notable exception.

Believing that where there's smoke there's fire, *SRL* during the last few weeks has conducted an informal survey of best-seller lists. In this undertaking we have benefited from the cooperation of publishers and booksellers throughout the country. On the basis of our investigation, it seemed evident to us that the best-seller lists lacked the validity claimed for them.

Recently the manager of one of New York's largest book stores reported to *SRL* that he had received a letter from a leading publisher asking a simple favor: Would the book store please report a certain newly published novel on the next best-seller list? Sales were lagging a bit, and it would be such a help. The manager of this store admitted that requests of similar nature were sent to him quite regularly. "I always tear them up," he added. "They are too embarrassing to keep in my files."

Or consider what the head of an important publishing house told us about a certain over-zealous bookseller. This dealer phoned the publisher long distance toward the end of October to tell him—with evident pride—that he had put the publisher's "Title X" on both the *Times* and *Herald Tribune* best-seller lists: a fact which takes on added interest when you learn that the store in question had as yet received *not a single copy* of said "Title X."

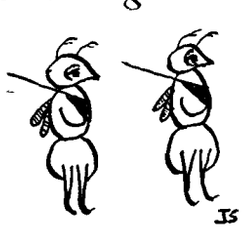
These two incidents are not isolated. They form part of a general pattern which has brought disrepute on the book popularity polls. Yet while publishers, booksellers, and newspapers —as these examples testify—are involved in the low state of best-seller lists, the final blame does not rest on the shoulders of any single group. The fault is inherent in the best-seller "system," as it has evolved over the years. For that system invites—indeed, makes inevitable—a chain reaction of inaccuracies.

Some book stores, in fact, are strongly opposed to "best-seller consciousness." Of the many booksellers in every section of the country whom we have queried on this point, very few had a good word to say for the value of best-seller lists. The majority opinion seems to be that book sales would be better without them. An important book store in the Southwest sums up the general attitude thus:

> We have the usual number of people who want something which "everyone is reading and talking about" and we give them just that if they seem determined not to tell us what sort of book they really like. I think the emphasis on best sellers is ridiculous from almost every standpoint. It detracts from the notion which, I think, is the real core of bookselling: that there are dozens of books for each need, each mood, each plane trip, and that backlists should be emphasized at every opportunity. We would rather sell "The Education of Henry Adams" and "The Education of Hyman Kaplan" to the right people for the right need today than something new just because it is No. 3 on the best-seller list.

Best-seller information is provided today by two main sources: *The New York Times*, in a weekly feature called "The Best Sellers," and the *New York Herald Tribune*, in a similar feature called "What America Is Reading." These listings, though respectable, are hardly scientific. "Both are based," to quote a well-known statistician, "on figures obtained from relatively few stores in relatively few cities, and apparently are compiled without reference to the most elementary rules of statistical sampling, weighting, and analysis. It

Atomic Age Fables



IV. The Weary Fleas

A PAIR of fleas performed in a circus for three years, and were weary. Some of their boredom came from the weight of their uniforms, but most was due to the dull discipline of the ring-master. The fleas needed release.

"We must aim the cannon at the master instead of the target," said the first flea.

"That would never solve our fate," said the second flea. "There is only one way left: we must become fleas again."

—J. S.

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is little wonder that there is wide disparity between the reports of the two papers."

A look at this disparity is revealing. In 1948 Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" was reported by the *Times* in first place for nineteen weeks, by the *Herald Tribune* in this position for only ten weeks. "Human Destiny," by Lecomte du Nöuy, figured, according to the *Times*, among the top sixteen non-fiction sellers for seventeen weeks; according to the *Herald Tribune* it was in this category for thirty-three weeks. Out of twenty-three weeks during which both newspapers reported "Civilization on Trial," by Arnold Toynbee, they agreed as to position only twenty-six per cent of the time. Agreement on Thornton Wilder's "The Ides of March" occurred for four out of seventeen weeks, or twenty-three per cent of the time.

THE factual weaknesses indicated by these discrepancies are proven beyond doubt when the year's best-seller lists are compared with the publishers' actual sales. In 1948, for instance, the Kinsey report sold substantially the same number of copies as Rabbi Liebman's "Peace of Mind." Yet the *Herald Tribune* listing never put "Sexual Behavior" in first place and awarded it second place only four times, while it put the Liebman book in first place twenty-seven times and in second place eight times. Or consider the case of Billy Rose's "Wine Women, and Words," which was listed by the *Herald Tribune* for six weeks, averaging in twelfth place. In actual publishers' sales the Rose book was clearly a better seller than, say, Winston Churchill's "The Gathering Storm." Yet the latter was listed for twenty-six weeks, averaging in fourth place. Indeed, during the first two weeks of December, when a spurt of Christmas buying was rolling up a sale of 155,655 copies for the newly-published Rose book, it trailed the six-month-old Churchill opus by five to seven places in the *Herald Tribune* table.

Facts like these led an executive of a leading publishing house to write us:

> The best-seller lists of the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* have now reached a point which is almost farcical. Some of our real best sellers are never reported and some of our books which sell only moderately well ride up near the top of the lists week after week. We feel . . . that the public is being offered best-seller lists which are for the most part completely inacurrate.

Here are some of the more obvious shortcomings in best-seller lists as presently constituted:

1. *Reporting book stores are chosen with little regard to statistical justice.*

The *Herald Tribune* bases its listing on reports which come, at present, from about sixty-seven retailers in fifty cities. To be represented on this list, a dealer must sell 100 subscriptions to the *Herald Tribune* Book Review. But Macy's, one of America's largest book stores, is not represented in "What America Is Reading." Incidentally, the list of reporting stores varies slightly from week to week, perhaps because there are more qualifying dealers than space on the page. One week Tulsa will report; the next week Toronto takes its place. One week Nashville is represented by two stores; another week Nashville is left out altogether.

The *Times* bases its results "on reports from leading booksellers in twenty-two cities." What book stores, and how they are chosen, the *Times* does not vouchsafe to say on its best-seller page.

2. *Reporting book stores are not weighted as to sales volume.*

Every store reporting is entitled to equal voting power, irrespective of the obvious differences in sales volume between them. Thus, the Greenwood Book Shop in Wilmington speaks with the same power as Marshall Field in Chicago, largest retail book outlet in the Midwest. The injustice of this is evident if we examine the relative sales of one title, "Crusade in Europe." Marshall Field's volume of sales exceeded that of the Wilmington store in this particular instance by ten to one. Another example: Doubleday Book Shops in New York, which bases its reports on sales from ten strategically located stores in a city of over seven million, is accorded no weightier vote than, say, The White House in El Paso (population, 100,000).

3. *The lists of reporting book stores do not compensate for geographical inequalities.*

Sometimes these inequalities are actually magnified. In a recent issue of the *Herald Tribune*, New York State (accounting for 22.2 per cent of total book trade) was represented by five "votes," while Ohio (accounting for only 5.1 per cent) was awarded seven. As somebody has quipped, "This is the Electoral College with a vengeance!"

4. *Many book stores do not keep an accurate count of titles sold.*

To know precisely how many copies of a given title were sold during a given week would require a complicated inventory system which most dealers cannot afford to set up. As a result, their best-seller nominations are sometimes more intuitive than statistical.

We can give a graphic illustration of how flighty some booksellers can be in their best-seller nominations. During a certain week late in September a publisher we know was represented on the best-seller list with three titles. Title A, which was listed in the *Herald Tribune* of that week as in seventh place, sold 4,211 copies. Title B, listed by the same newspaper as in first place, sold 3,646 copies. Title C, listed as in second place, sold 3,297 copies. This perplexed the publisher, who promptly wrote letters to some key book stores asking wherefore Title A had been so poorly treated. One replied: "So sorry! Of course it should have been reported. Send twenty-five more copies." Another said: "Title A should have been on best-seller list and I have given instructions to see that it is done." A third wrote: "I think we have probably slipped in our failure to report Title A as a best seller. . . . I shall try to do the book full justice in the future."

5. *"Literary" titles are frequently favored, regardless of the true facts.*

Dealers, quite naturally, like their stores to be in the swim. If a dealer sells more copies of "Wine, Women, and Words" than any other non-fiction title, he still may not report it for reasons of pure literary snobbishness. Especially is this so if his competitors are reporting a historical work by Eisenhower or Sherwood. Billy Rose outsold "Roosevelt and Hopkins," but you wouldn't have known this from the best-seller lists.

6. *"Best sellers" sometimes indicate nothing more than large inventories and slow sales.*

Some booksellers consistently report those titles which they *need* to sell rather than those which actually are selling well. Confronted with a tall pile of unsold books, these dealers

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automatically nominate the title as a "best seller." Thus, some "best buyers" eventually become "best sellers." We know of one relatively slow-selling novel which figured among the top four sellers in both newspapers for several months. The publishers of this book admitted, *sotto voce*, that it did not deserve so high a position in the best-seller list. For such a phenomenon there is a simple explanation. This particular title enjoyed a large advance sale, and bookstores throughout the country found themselves considerably overstocked. In hopes of stimulating lagging sales many booksellers reported it as a wishful "best seller."

7. *Best-seller lists are usually three weeks out of date.*

During the first three weeks of December 1948 Doubleday was receiving orders for Eisenhower's "Crusade in Europe" at the rate of more than 25,000 copies a week—a substantial sale. Yet this book did not hit the No. 1 spot on the *Times* best-seller list until the last week in December. Time lag explains this error. In both newspapers the statistics are, at best, two to three weeks old. During the Christmas rush, when book stores are understaffed, the lists may be as much as a month out of date.

8. *"Practical" books are inconsistently handled.*

Admittedly, the compilation of best-seller listings is a complicated business. Some of the difficulties are illustrated in the varying treatment of two almanacs. In the *Times* listings for 1948, the "Information Please Almanac" appeared for twenty-five weeks, averaging in sixth place, while the "World Almanac," which outsold it more than two to one, was not listed at all. The how-to-do-it books offer another case in point. The *Times* listed "How to Stop Worrying" (235,636 copies sold) for twenty-seven weeks in 1948, but ignored an analagous tome on how to fill out your income tax blank which outsold the former by 90,000 copies.

9. *Long-term best sellers are usually ignored.*

Most publishers and booksellers will agree that a book which sells upward of 25,000 copies a year deserves to be on the best-seller lists some time during that year. How, then, are we to explain the following titles which never appeared on 1948 best-seller lists? "Gone with the Wind" sold some 50,000 copies last year. "How to Win Friends and Influence People" (in the regular trade edition) reached the figure of 42,000. "The Robe" sold in the neighborhood of 38,000. There comes a time when booksellers tire of reporting these old favorites. This is understandable from a psychological standpoint, but it doesn't improve the accuracy of best-seller lists.

THE book trade is almost unique in its capricious way of assembling statistics. Magazines and newspapers, for instance, have set up the Audit Bureau of Circulation to compile impartial, accurate figures on circulation. This agency is financed by the magazines and newspapers themselves, who find it a remarkably good investment. When the Audit Bureau attests a magazine's circulation to be 237,859, an advertiser can be sure it is exactly that. In like manner, movies and the legitimate stage can rely on exact and unbiased statistics. Sworn box-office receipts published in trade journals such as *Variety* are a sure indication of relative popularity.

Somewhat less accurate, but still reasonably scientific, are the Hooper ratings in radio, which use a tested sampling technique to determine the extent of listener acceptance of various programs. Hooper's results are precise enough for the advertisers who spend millions of dollars annually on the basis of his ratings.

Surely book sales deserve to be audited with an accuracy akin to that enjoyed by periodicals, radio, or the movies. Present methods of determining best sellers do not command the respect of those in a position to contrast these listings with actual sales. It is time that the book trade cooperated in a certified, scientific, irrefutable system for compiling best-seller statistics.

An Audit Bureau of Best Sellers should rely, we feel, on two main sources of information. First, it should receive weekly certified reports from the publishers themselves on the actual sales of their best-selling titles. Second, it should receive weekly sales figures from about twenty-five large book stores and book jobbers—a real tally, certified by an accountant, of books actually sold. These figures would then be properly weighted and analyzed by an expert trained in the handling of statistics, publishers' sales being checked against retail sales, and vice versa. The resulting list would, we feel sure, possess real validity.

An operation of this nature would inevitably involve considerable expense. Distributed, however, between thirty or forty publishers, the cost would not be too great, and it might entail some marked savings—at least in the direction of more reliable information on which to base orders for reprinting.

It is up to the book trade to decide whether accurate best-seller lists are worth paying for. Though the ultimate value of a proper best-seller list may be open to some question, there can be no question about the disservice represented by a best-seller list compounded largely of errors. Inaccuracies serve only to magnify and aggravate the dangers inherent in the "best-seller consciousness." Quite obviously, the reading public is influenced, to some extent at least, by best-seller listings. As matters stand today this influence is mainly synthetic. We do not oppose best-seller lists *per se*, nor do we advocate their abolition. Good writing and profound thought will survive them quite easily. What we object to is the bogus best sellers.

Let's have the real facts, good, bad, or indifferent.

A Current Events Poem

By Alex Austin

THE day will be simple and grand
When Faust and Aristotle
Will be forgotten
And the spring-vedas each year
Will blossom out of winter
Into the sleep of autumn.

In a dream, a man
Becomes and is a star,
A leaf, a stone, a sea
Rising into rain—
Seen from afar.
In a dream, a man
Is the length of his own shadow
When the sun's inside him.
In a dream, a man
Can forget sleep and death
And pain and God and dreams.

The day will be simple and grand
When men can no longer dream.
Their arms will swing like tree-
Trunks bent by the wind into
The wild submission tigers
Grown old and blind and wise
Suffer for all that young
Eternity the jungle
Breathes out of the sky.
The day will be simple and grand
When Faust and Aristotle
Walk together in
The garden underneath
The deadly Juniper tree.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Puzzled by Pound

SIR: May I ask, do you intend to carry anything more about the Ezra Pound Bollingen award? Quite seriously, I would like an explanation of what "Pisan Cantos" [*SRL* Sept. 4, 1948] mean. Do the jurors understand what Pound's words mean? If they do, why don't I? Do you?

SRL, I think, can't avoid some spade work on this. You owe it to your worshipful public to explain to us either what Pound means and how to translate him, or what the jurors meant by the award. You can start with a single line, if you wish, like "said J. Adams at 35 instead of 21.65." This isn't the hardest by a long shot, but it seems to have a tangible element in the decimal.

ROGER WILLIAM RIIS.

South Kent, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To Mr. Riis in particular and our "worshipful public" in general, there is no need for alarm. We shall have something to say about Ezra Pound and the Bollingen award in the not too distant future. No guarantee that we shall explain "Pisan Cantos," however.*

Plaudit for Smollett

SIR: Why does the *SRL* permit a "pick-apart" critic like Howard Mumford Jones to tear down a carefully assembled work like Dr. Knapp's biography of Smollett [*SRL* Feb. 26]? Why permit any critic to judge a work of such sheer scholarly enjoyment on a "what's-in-it-for-me" basis, just because it does not appeal to the "come-up-and-see-me" school of modern literary hucksters? If Mr. Jones cannot find good in either able scholarship or sincere affection, should the *SRL* encourage his "dog-in-the-manger" snarling at those who can? If Dr. Knapp's book "will not win any new readers for 'Humphrey Clinker'," neither will your review of it win any "steady customers" for Mr. Jones or for the *SRL*.

F. O. COOKE.

Colorado Springs, Colo.

"Sensitivity as Censor"

SIR: Dr. Holmes's article "Sensitivity as Censor" [*SRL* Feb. 26] decries "the informal and yet drastic censorship" which he claims is effected "through the current attempt of well-organized pressure groups to suppress . . . material . . . offensive . . . to their interests." Dr. Holmes's argument is a curious mixture of pertinent observations and misleading generalities which ignores the basic components of the problem.

As a staunch advocate of civil liberties, Dr. Holmes is usually an eloquent spokesman. But in this instance he succeeds only in befuddling the question as to what precisely constitutes "censorship." Even more disastrous is his inclusion of careless charges against, and vague generalities about, unnamed but readily identifiable civil organizations which represent large sections of our minority racial and religious groups.

There can be no quarrel whatsoever with Dr. Holmes's main thesis, that censorship is generally an unmitigated evil, but throughout his article Dr. Holmes confuses *censoring* with *censuring*. In addition, he apparently fails to distinguish between *protesting* and *pressuring*. His confusion is most evident in his discussion of the "Oliver Twist" situation which he uses as the springboard for his attacks against alleged minority censorship.

Dr. Holmes attacks what he calls "a serious situation arising in the field of civil liberties through the current attempt of pressure groups to suppress presentation of material in theatres, movies, and radio which seems to be offensive to their feeling or dangerous to their interests." In the current semantics-conscious world, "pressure-group" is a term of opprobrium. Although Dr. Holmes does not specifically say so, it is likely that the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith is one of the unnamed "pressure groups" he has in mind.

It is true that the Anti-Defamation League interested itself in "Oliver Twist" but its involvement is completely at variance with the charges in the article.

As a defender of civil liberties, Dr. Holmes's first task should have been to verify his facts—which he obviously did not do. His accusations are based on erroneous reports made in several national magazines and newspaper columns that the League "protested" the exhibition of "Oliver Twist" and that these protests were responsible for the withdrawal of the film from the American market.

Here are the facts: In the summer of 1948, J. Arthur Rank's American office invited the Anti-Defamation League to view "Oliver Twist" privately. It was eager for our opinion as to potential anti-Semitic impact on the public. We reported that in our judgment the picture created an offensive Jewish stereotype. We made the report privately.

Up to that point there was no public debate about the movie. But then the situation suddenly changed when an American newspaper columnist, in England, reported that he had seen "Oliver Twist," and that it was grossly anti-Semitic. An avalanche of misstatements followed. An important theatrical trade journal published an inaccurate story that the Anti-Defamation League saw no harm in "Oliver Twist." We thereupon declared publicly that we believed it was harmful to good relations but—and this is the nub of the matter—we made it clear that we would do nothing to prevent the picture from being exhibited.

These facts are strongly at variance with the charges leveled by Dr. Holmes. In his failure to verify his statements, Dr. Holmes violated a basic tenet of objective journalism.

More distressing is Dr. Holmes's tendency to stereotype. We refer to his careless generalizations about "Jews." He does not accuse "some Jews" or "certain Jews" but "Jews." No doubt, Dr. Holmes would be outraged by any reference, say, to a "Jewish vote," yet he himself is guilty of the same kind of allegation in charging that Jews think, react, and protest as a group. There is no organization which even pretends to speak for all Jews.

As for the Anti-Defamation League itself, in the case of "Oliver Twist" the League exercised its democratic right to express an opinion and to stand up publicly and say what it thinks. It did not censor the picture; it had the right (even though it may not have exercised it) to censure the Rank organization for its lack of good taste. It did not "pressure" for a ban; it pointed out that the showing of "Oliver Twist" could have disastrous repercussions. In short, the Anti-Defamation League made use of its right to free speech and nothing else.

The weakness in Dr. Holmes's article is his fundamental inconsistency. On one hand, he takes the position that it is perfectly proper for con-

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cerned groups to "rise up and protest" a motion picture, a book, or a play, if it has elements which in their opinion are harmful. Having made himself clear on this point, he then proceeds to oppose such activity in actual practice. For example, in considering the case of "Oliver Twist," Dr. Holmes recognizes that the character of Fagin is unmistakably "a Jew and an ugly Jew at that." He admits—although not in so many words—that the presentation of this character would arouse understandable resentment. But in the same breath he objects to some Jews stating publicly their fears about the film.

Following Dr. Holmes's reasoning, it is all right for a group to picket the showing of an allegedly harmful motion picture. However, if as a result of the picketing, the motion picture is withdrawn, he would then cry, "Censorship!" In brief, Dr. Holmes defends the right to protest—*only so long as the protest is ineffectual.* The moment the protest becomes successful it is, ipso facto, censorship and therefore anathema.

This position is as untenable as it is unrealistic. Surely it would have been more practical if Dr. Holmes had probed this problem instead of emphasizing the "sensitivity" of minority groups. In a democracy where freedom of speech is a cherished right, conflict is bound to be engendered when opposing rights meet head on. If the "Oliver Twist" incident proved nothing else, it demonstrated clearly the pressure of two absolutely conflicting rights — both guaranteed under our concept of freedom of speech: the absolute right of Mr. Rank to exhibit his picture clashing with the absolute right of interested groups to protest its evil effects. Instead of recognizing the dilemma, Dr. Holmes merely confuses the issue. On the one hand, he admits that minority groups should protest when they feel themselves endangered. On the other hand—and with equal vehemence—he denies them this right because it may have the effect of censorship.

To cap the issue, he quotes Milton's great "Areopagitica" as if it justifies his article. The reverse is the case. Milton's words are: "Let Truth and Falsehood grapple." How does one grapple in the marketplace of ideas except by statement, protest, censure, exposure, submission of evidence? If it be the case, as we believe, that stereotypes have vicious effects, should they not be grappled with? And, where possible, vanquished!

ARNOLD FORSTER.
Anti-Defamation League
of B'nai B'rith.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: John Haynes Holmes's logic follows like day and night. As logic it possesses the glib immunity from practice that characterizes all circular thinking: a system sufficient unto itself, it just doesn't apply to the circumstance with which it deals.

GERALD M. SIMONS.

Boston, Mass.

SIR: Dr. Holmes is fighting the battles of us teachers in his article. Burning or banning the books is a police-state recourse that never works among a people determined to be free. Jimmy Walker once said that no female was ever seduced by a book. Timid souls in charge of buying books for school or other libraries know they look silly when they bow to the will of pressure groups full of zeal and good intentions. We teachers want the freedom tempered by common sense to select literary or scientific books to be discussed in our classes.

ELLIS SARGENT SMITH, SR.

Rochester, N. Y.

SIR: In publishing John Haynes Holmes's recent article you have rendered a noteworthy service to humanity. It is the most intelligent, and therefore the most valuable, commentary that has recently appeared on the question of intolerance—of what are its foundations and of how it is to be met and conquered.

JOHN PALMER.

Williamsburg, Va.

SIR: I was very much impressed by Dr. Holmes's article. You do select extremely well-written articles on timely and stimulating subjects for publication.

ARTHUR E. HJERPE.

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: John Haynes Holmes's article has been needed for several years. I am pleased that it has been published. Literature may be concerned with politics. It may be concerned with justice to minorities. But literature is not the legitimate concern of politics. Literature need not be just in order to be valuable.

JACK JAY HILL.

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: I have read with keen interest, general agreement, and sympathy, the thoughtful discussion written by Dr. John Haynes Holmes. Myself an American-born Jew in the middle sixties, I find it absurd to indict Shakespeare on the ground of anti-Semitism because of the character of Shylock, certainly one of the great theatrical roles of all time. And while the Fagin of "Oliver Twist," and Scott's Isaac and Rebecca are not conceptions of equal stature, they live in literature.

. . . . To my mind there can be circumstances when great works should indeed be subject to censorship, censorship let us hope not of permanent nature. There is a recent case in point. There were no pressure groups in Berlin when "Oliver Twist" was shown on the screen the other day; yet its showing provoked riots. I for one am not surprised. To show on screen or stage a villainous Jew (we Jews have our share of villains in real life as well as in fiction) in the land where a few years ago Jews by the millions were murdered in cold blood for the sole reason that they were Jews, certainly called for censorship of the strictest kind. When the German people once more acclaim a Mendelssohn and a Heine, when they again crowd the theatre to see "Nathan der Weise," the Fagin of Charles Dickens's" Oliver Twist" will cause no riots in Berlin. That time has not yet arrived. Until such time, it is far better to censor the Jewish villains and permit the misguided and misled German people to see only the Jewish saints. We have a few of them too, in real life and in fiction. Nor would such censorship be inconsistent with the temporary withdrawal of other liberties, now in force in Germany.

LAURENCE G. SILVER.

Coral Gables, Fla.

"It's more than doubled egg production."

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PERSONAL HISTORY

(*Continued from page 19*)

Mr. Wiltse has told the story in superb fashion, though Jackson, Webster, and Clay seem to suffer unfairly in comparison with the hero from South Carolina. Such hackneyed incidents as the Peggy Eaton affair, the Webster-Hayne debate, the battle over nullification, the bank controversy, the Specie Circular have rarely, if ever, been presented in a manner so sure to hold the reader's attention. Partisan maneuvering for political advantage can often be a dull and dreary recital; it is not so in this book. If the first volume occasionally failed to make the political background as clear as it should have been, that fault has been corrected. Mr. Wiltse knows "the party battles of the Jackson era," and he has the skill to make them not only intelligible but highly interesting. There can be no doubt that the author has fallen under the spell of his subject—so much so that he sets down any mistake of Calhoun's with the utmost reluctance. He could have been, indeed he should have been, far more critical of the sort of pleader for minority rights, who consistently confuses rights with privileges, who refuses to admit the right of anyone to disagree with his own exercises in logical deduction, and who pleads for slavery as a "positive good." But Mr. Wiltse does finally conclude that he has been describing Calhoun's "intellectual pilgrimage from liberalism through conservatism to reaction." Will the last volume of this strikingly provocative study be entitled "John C. Calhoun, Reactionary"?

Professor John A. Krout, author of "The Completion of Independence," was recently appointed acting dean of the graduate faculties of Columbia.

Cosmopolite's Memory Book

BIRD OF TIME. By Melvin Hall. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1949. 307 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

IF READERS fortunate enough to have shared Colonel Melvin Hall's "Journey to the End of an Era" enjoyed a literary Lucullan feast—as I did—then "Bird of Time" offers them an opportunity to raid his refrigerator for appetizing tidbits which he neglected to serve at the original banquet.

"Bird of Time" is another collection of memorabilia by a man who has been privileged to enjoy a richly adventurous and never dull life and whose skill with words enables him to share it with others less fortunate. The restless star which seemed more like the tail of a comet in "Journey to the End of an Era" is now rather a static luminary—thanks to the war—but its brilliance has in no wise been diminished.

"Comparatively immobile within a high-walled garden on the slope of a Burgundian hillside," Colonel Hall gazes at some of the many possessions he has accumulated during forty-odd years of world-wandering—M'sieur Buddha from Siam, Japanese prints, a Tibetan prayer wheel, a Druse chest, Persian stoneware, and Chinese bronzes—and allows his memory to travel highways and byways and revivify more rich anecdotes of unforgettable people, places, incidents, and experiences. These he relates with a sort of casual leisureliness which in no wise detracts from their sharp characterizations, graphic descriptions, chuckle-inducing humor, occasional breathtaking thrills, and penetrating cosmic observations.

Colonel Hall charms you with sympathetic portraits of his current neighbors and almost somnolent environment—500 or so inhabitants, including some very queer characters, laboring, gossiping, quarreling, and otherwise enjoying simple rural pleasures in and around the ancient walled hilltown of Vézelay; he makes you envey him his gardener, stolid Père Olart, who resents the colonel's habit of using a cigarette holder, thus robbing him of savory butts. These are in startling contrast to the way he alternately thrills you with his escapes from death in Persia's raging River Mud, among the ruins and clay at Ypres, and elsewhere; the belly laughs he inspires over Clarence the Canary and the Colonel's rugged interlude with a female Persian camel with halitosis and an ingrown hatred of mankind. And you will never cease to wonder with him and the ship's doctor whether the bos'n of a China coaster threw overboard the wrong Chinese. Then, too, there are yarns about the spitting fish of Siam and his father's 600-mile drive across Poland with only vodka for fuel and the carburetor to drink it from.

Perhaps the real charm in "Bird of Time" lies in the nostalgia it creates for a bygone era of graciousness and ease of living. Directly and indirectly, Colonel Hall reminds us time and again that "the old order changes, giving place to a new disorder"; that "the world is a far less pleasant place to live in than it was thirty-five or forty years ago"; and that "humanity in its mass manifestations presents a melancholy and depressing spectacle." As a cosmopolite, Colonel Hall naturally has given thought to a possible solution: "The preservation of what is left of human freedom," he says, "at least in that part of Europe which has not yet succumbed to the Soviet-induced destruction of all individual liberty, would seem to be some form of federation towards which a cautious and hesitant start has already been made."

Tuna by Night

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

FISHERMEN run flame in oilskin pants,
Elbows and knees jut angles in a dance
Where no motion is wasted in the light
Pouring off the steep wharf into night.
Men stand on a carpet painted with blood
And turn out pails of fire in a flood
On torpedoes streamlined by the tide
Lying on the boat-deck side by side.

The hook comes down, men fasten it in back
Of twin sickles curved of wicked black,
The winches scream high, and a monstrous bulk,
Barbed with gold, goes tail-up like the hulk
Of a vast lost angel blued with bars,
The angel vomits blood against the stars.
From tapered plates of steel, calm and unawed,
Stare wide eyes of the lost and damned sea-god,
The little fiery men perform their duty
At the death of thunderbolts of beauty.

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Seeing Things

SECOND GROWTH

MORE than seeming simple, in advance it had appeared right. Right to the point of inevitability. A week had passed since my wife had received, and joyfully answered, Mary Smythe's letter announcing she was coming to New York for a visit. Not only was she coming, but she was bringing her daughter with her. This exciting news was, of course, underscored three times and followed by a picket fence of exclamation points.

Mary had written that she looked forward, as the high point of her stay, to the chance her Polly and our boys would at long last have of becoming friends. "Geography," wrote she, "has played a dirty trick on us in keeping our families apart." Since my wife had gone to school with Mary and Polly's father Tom had been a friend of mine from childhood, we were naturally as pleased with the prospect as Mary. We, too, had been eager for that happy day when Polly and our boys would meet and, in their parents' fashion, become devoted to one another.

Saturday, being school-less, was the day agreed upon. Saturday at one o'clock at our apartment. But neither the Smythes nor my wife and I had taken several things into account. Two of these were the boys. Another was Polly.

Our sons began to suspect that something untoward was up when by noon we closed in on them with orders, which finally turned into supplications, to wash their hands and faces, put on their blue suits, shine their shoes, select their best ties, pick out the whitest of clean shirts, and brush and comb their hair.

"Why?" asked the younger one. "We want to go skating now."

"Who's coming, anyway?" snarled the older one.

"Polly Smythe," beamed my wife. "Isn't that nice?"

"Who's she?"

"A girl," I said brightly, "the daughter of two very dear friends of your mother's and mine."

"A girl—p-e-e-u-u-u! How old?"

"Eight." My wife was very firm.

"Eight!" groaned the older boy.

"Is she hubba-hubba?" asked his brother.

"I haven't seen her since she was three," their mother said. "She was a darling little girl, the prettiest eyes you ever saw, and beautiful black hair. She was very cute. I know you'll love her. And I want you both to be nice to her."

"Aw, gee, I wanted to go out with Frank this afternoon."

By one o'clock, and also by a miracle, they were both shining in the discomfort of cleanliness. On the hour the doorbell rang, and there in the outer hall stood Polly and her mother.

Mary had not changed a bit. She was the identical Mary my wife and I had known these many years. As sweet of face, as given to tweeds and oxfords, as capable of somehow carrying the outdoors indoors with her. But Polly—well, even I at one dismayed glance could tell that Polly was not the same Polly my wife remembered at three.

Polly had always been unpredictable. When five, she was reported to have added considerable suspense to a cocktail party her father and mother had given. Frilled and curled, Polly had been allowed to come in. For ten minutes she had remained a model of juvenile silence. The guests, including one matron with outgoing teeth around whom Polly had circled with snake-like fascination, were enchanted by this. Not so Mary and Tom Smythe. As parents, they knew that silence in a child is ominous. They feared the worst, which was not long coming. In one of those talkless moments which will hush the babble of even cocktail parties, Polly was heard to ask the toothsome lady, oh so sweetly, "When it rains, Mrs. Johnson, do your teeth get wet?"

Remembering this, I was not surprised to have Polly accompany her two tottering curtsies at the door with "Mother said I was to say, 'Glad to see you.'" I was unprepared, however, for what the past few years had done to Polly physically. Polly, who had been pretty, very pretty, as a little girl, would be very pretty in the future when once she grew little again. The siren stuff, though for a moment in fleshly escrow, was plainly in her. Any adult could see this at once. It was in her huge bright eyes which were as black as Lorna Doone's. It was in her cupid's bow mouth which, in spite of the bands distorting it, was tender and smiling. It was in the modeling of her face; in her laugh, too. But Polly's scrawny days were over. As little girls will, she had achieved the fat age. She had the waistline of a baked apple. Indeed, she seemed to be made up entirely of baked apples. A sideward look at my boys told me that they were as conscious of this as I was. I could almost hear their faces drop.

"Mary! Mary!" my wife and I cried. "Why, Polly! so nice to have you here. Boys, you remember Mrs. Smythe. And this is Polly."

WHILE Polly's hat, coat, and immaculate white gloves were being removed, she and the boys were exposed to those "My-how-you've-grown" burblings in which parents will indulge to the annoyance, indifference, or pride of children.

"Now, why don't you take Polly back to your room?" I suggested, already feeling the need of a cocktail.

"Sure," said my younger son. "Polly, want to see my rock collection?"

"Why?" asked Polly, most sensibly.

"'Cause," replied he, "you'll love it." This was said with the most self-convinced, hence convincing, male authority. '"N' I've got sea shells and guns and modeling clay, too."

Accordingly, they were off down the hall, the older boy following at a disrespectful distance. Plainly he was torn between his awareness of superior age and his desire to display

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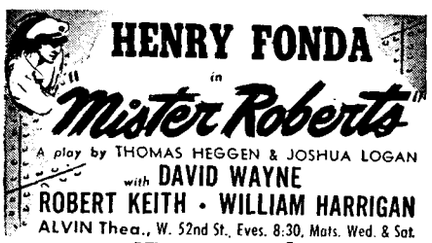
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his own treasures to a female eye.

"Come on," Polly said, turning around to him and smiling a smile, with both her eyes and mouth, which suddenly made her much thinner.

A man's house in days past may have been his castle; a boy's room still remains his confessional. It does not need the smell of tobacco or a parade of pipes to make it male. It is male in its betrayal of curiosities; a happy hunting ground for the young warrior who at one moment dreams of being in the FBI and at the next of joining either the Audubon Society or the Fire or Street Cleaning Department. Messy to the point of chaos it may be and usually is, but its tone is Spartan. All that is missing, as Will Rogers said of the Vatican, is the woman's touch.

The abandoned absorptions and expanding interests of its owner exist side by side or in layers, one above the other. Hence it is part garage, part aquarium, part hothouse, art gallery, and shoeshine parlor. It is also an arsenal, a wing of the Museum of Natural History, and a junkyard for disemboweled toys. It is a Shmoo run, a Disney dump, a carpenter's bench, a repository for twine and fishing tackle, a library, and a chemical laboratory. All of these impinge upon a carpet which can never quite be rid of marbles, modeling clay, crayon parings, whittlings, and sawdust. Its walls, however freshly painted, are certain to be stenciled with fingerprints. A few of its pictures, too, can be counted on to be glassless or awry from the impact of soccer balls, hockey sticks, or wooden swords brandished in good King Arthur's name. Life, male life, male energy and male tastes, have plainly and undaintily been at work and play, accumulating, bulldozing, and exploring. Women enter either at their own peril or to their guaranteed despair.

Polly was not long in discovering this. From sounds which soon floated down the front hall, it became clear that she was not entirely happy in this ruffleless, satinless, and doll-less realm of the blue ribbon rather than the pink into which my boys had led her.

Above our conversation in the living room, the insistent banging of both cap pistols and doors began to resound. As parents will, however, we talked on, pretending not to hear, merely raising our voices, as parents sometimes must when in the neighborhood of their young, in order to hear each other.

"Tell us about Tom," we asked Mary. While she was obliging in detail, a high, shrill, unmistakably feminine scream rang out, followed by the patter of frightened feet rac-

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ing down the hall to the living room door. There stood Polly, white of face, out of breath, tears splashing from her black eyes.

"Mommy!" she was crying. "Mommy, I don't like them. They are horrid. They are shooting guns at me."

"Boys," cried my wife. "Boys," cried I, "come here this minute."

"What have you been doing to Polly?" I thundered when they appeared, their neatness lost, and disgust on their faces.

"Nothing," said the older boy. "We were just shooting at her—in fun—and she doesn't like it."

"She won't play FBI," burst out the younger one, scornfully. "She doesn't like rocks. Or birds. Or fencing. Or cap pistols. Or anything."

Although Mary, my wife, and I were able to quell this first insurrection and establish until leaving time a fair display of order and even of good manners, the visit was not a happy one. Allergies were at all moments more to the fore than sympathies. There was, to be sure, a surprising interval of quiet when the children had been persuaded to return to the boys' rooms, awaiting the announcement of luncheon. But this Armistice Day hush was more deceptive than encouraging. It was achieved by having all three of them forget each other and bury their wordless mouths in comics.

IN SPITE of all our adult efforts, the talk at the table did not bring Polly and the boys any closer together. If anything, it widened the canyon separating them. Polly lost face at once by admitting she liked sweet potatoes; they lost caste because of never having owned a cat, a dog, or a hamster and by offering turtles and alligators as poor substitutes. Polly, it turned out, had been to only one of the movies they had seen, an Abbott and Costello comedy. What was worse, she had found it as unfunny as they had thought it uproarious. Her playgoing had been limited to an amateur production of "Jack and the Beanstalk"; they could boast of seeing Ethel Merman in "Annie Get Your Gun."

Polly preferred perfume to the fragrant exhalations of a chemistry set. The mention of a dead skunk found beside a road filled her with horror. Her delight in bracelets, pocketbooks, and clothes won the boys' contempt. Her hatred of fishing was as great as their love of it. Believe it or not, she had never heard of a barndoor skate, was uninterested in the details of dismembering quahogs to use them as bait, and was sickened by the thought of cleaning fish of any kind. She had no knife, and they no rings. Bugs did not fascinate her. She did not know the distance of the earth from the sun and thought Saturn was a star. Her eyes failed to brighten at the mention of bauxite, and she was utterly uninformed as to the oddities of a mandrill's posterior.

As a meeting of minds, as a fellowship of spirits, the luncheon, in other words, was a flop—total, thunderous, and embarrassing. Mary, as aware of this as we were, departed with Polly almost as soon as she had gulped her demi-tasse. The original plan had been to have Polly spend the afternoon. But Mary evidently shared our dread of another session on those proving grounds called the boys' rooms.

"I'm so sorry," said she. "We will have to be going. I want to get Polly a new dress and hat."

"Goody!" cried Polly, while my wife and I, though echoing this to ourselves, glared our boys into silence.

"Nice to see you," the older one managed to squeeze out. The younger, being by the calendar that much nearer to uncorrupted honesty, contented himself with, "Good-bye."

If Polly had been the only child of our friends with whom our sons refused to become friendly, we would have blamed her or them. We knew better, however. From their experience and our own. Again and again we have exposed them, hopefully, to our friends' children, male and female. We have done this even as our parents and relatives used to expose us to their friends' children. Sometimes it has worked, and when it does work it affords one of the most delectable of life's needed and reassuring continuities. Often, however, we in our parents' fashion have had our hopes dashed. Slowly, sadly, painfully, we have learned that the hand-me-downs in friendship are few and far between; that friendship is self-won and self-winning, that it cannot be inherited, and must not be forced.

Had Mary written in her letter, "Geography has played a dirty trick on us in keeping our families apart"? This was before the visit. She would not write that now. She would agree with us that geography, and a lot of it, can be the surest guarantee of the continued friendship of parents since it keeps their children safely apart.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

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FICTION

(Continued from page 14)

he needs to submerge himself more deeply in the material he uses and to work through it to the point where he acquires greater disinterestedness.

This reviewer regrets that his judgment here is so unflattering, and hopes that Mr. Mende's next book will realize a promise that only flashes in some of the earlier portions of this novel. He shares the author's enthusiasm for trade unions; but, at the same time, progressive social views do not, necessarily, guarantee that a book will infect us with feelings and will give us any intensified awareness. And art should achieve this kind of effect. Especially when a novelist has a just cause, one should not need to overdo the case, and to rely on stereotypes. A good and just cause deserves better art than this.

James T. Farrell is best known for his "Studs Lonigan" stories about Chicago's South Side. His latest book, "The Road Between," a novel of Greenwich Village in the Thirties, is scheduled to be published by The Vanguard Press later this spring.

Fiction Notes

A CRESCENT MOON, by Eileen Shaw. William Morrow. $3. Life in a small Midwestern town, as conceived by Miss Shaw, is bleak indeed. Bounded by a library, a church, and an institution of learning, the good folk of Banbury would seem solidly standardized. But the frustrated spinster librarian goes mad, an only slightly maladjusted student commits suicide, an innocent professor is accused of homosexuality, and the poverty-ridden Wiles family faces the fact that their inventor father, one of the current crop of patriarchal cranks,

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has failed again. Victims of their town, slaves to quiet desperation, the note of hopelessness is struck for all but Edith Windsor. After the death of her beloved son, she rejoins her roving correspondent, innately unreliable husband. Life for her beckons far afield.

The town is well observed, well felt, but the tragedies are minor. Characters grow dim and motives thin. The whole project is somehow undernourished.

NOT LONG FOR THIS WORLD, by August Derleth. Arkham House. $3. In a consciously deprecating foreword to this collection of weird stories, Mr. Derleth terms his tales "mediocre," "fillers," and largely comprised of rejected efforts in the past. While this may tend to discourage, it can also work for pleased surprise. The point is to read the entire collection. There are, in the lot, three really taut incidents.

"A Matter of Sight," "Baynter's Imp," and "The Lost Day" are guaranteed to interest, to amuse, and to mystify. For the others, the eerie, the occult, the haunting becomes so readily accepted that excitement is lost. Vampires ride the night, all spirits are hopelessly perturbed, there is no rest even in the grave. The macabre holds full sway and should remain, for purposes of repose, far from the night table.

EVE AND CHRISTOPHER, by Elizabeth Corbett. Doubleday. $2.50. Concealed beneath a façade of late nineteenth-century self-achieved Wisconsin elegance, wallowing in imported satins, basking beside Carrara fountains, well-endowed Eve Hastings plies her ancient trade. That she mows them down, her own and everyone else's husband, goes without saying. The period allows her to be ample, thereby increasing her vulgarity. She is a breeder, a lusty lass, good on a horse, ready with song, drink, or whatever else makes for final male companionship. She is a chip off the old block. Naturally tycoon material, ruthless, vital, passionate, and headstrong.

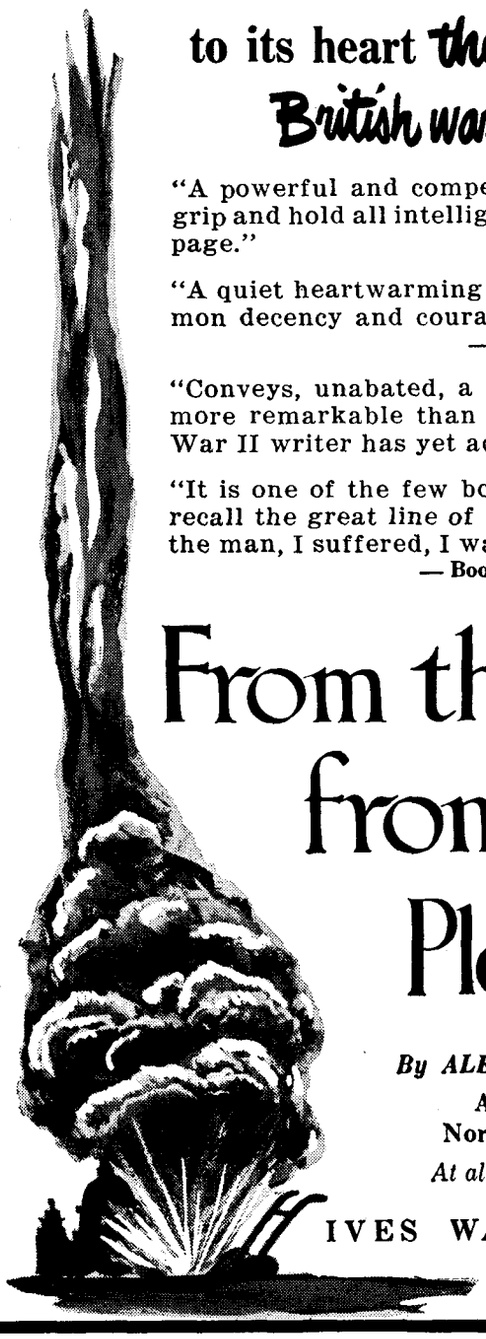
This is glamor of the rose-in-the-teeth variety, prose of the below-stairs type, with an avid eye on pulp. No holds barred.

THUNDER IN THE WILDERNESS, by Harry Hamilton. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. Mr. Hamilton throws himself eagerly and wholeheartedly into the Western wilderness during the French and Indian Wars. The Illinois tribe joins mighty Pontiac on the banks of the Wabash to war against the English, while half-breeds claim their birthright from formerly rather cavalier French Fathers.

Catholicism vies with craven images for spiritual annexation, but the flesh invariably triumphs. Babies are born out of wedlock in impenetrable forests, sired by *courriers du bois* who also busy themselves dodging tomahawks, thwarting plots within plots, and plying their fur trade with undisturbed diligence. It's a tough world. Mr. Hamilton quite rightly plays it for all it's worth.

DAWN SAILS NORTH, by Robert Dean Frisbie. Doubleday. $2.95. Put down the South Sea Islands as staunchly changeless in this changing universe. Here is a post-World War II adventure with island-hopping proving pleasurable and profitable. The sarong sisterhood is as obliging and as alluring as ever, the dry-rot of the trader continues to corrode, and the primitive takes precedence in every case.

Sam Strickland sails out of New Bedford on the *Schooner Dawn* for the island claimed by his grandfather. After a murder, several lurid combats, a chase for the old man's cash box and pearls of great price. Sam sails north, weathering heavy seas and short tempers. The Golden Gate receives him and his lovely na-



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tive stowaway girl. It's been a stimulating, picturesque, and virile voyage. Mr. Frisbie, at the helm, steers an unswerving course.

HIGH HOLIDAY, by Kathleen Norris. Doubleday. $2.50. Indefatigable, highly proficient, enviably prolific Kathleen Norris has produced still another family narrative to interest her readers. The Throckmorton clan of California, immediate, collateral, and remotest kin, makes up this case history. Their every move is watched. They grow older. Some wither away and die; others marry, bearing child upon legitimate child, while sins of the flesh claim several innocents and deep love comes to still another in her middle years. The struggle for success, the ebb and flow of fortune, touches at least one of them with dramatic force.

The trick is to make us care what happens to these rather run-of-the-mill men and women. Mrs. Norris deftly pulls off that trick. Honestly, directly, and simply, we share these lives. The level may be unrelieved, but it is sturdily maintained. There is a kind of satisfaction in knowing exactly what happens to every branch of this tree.

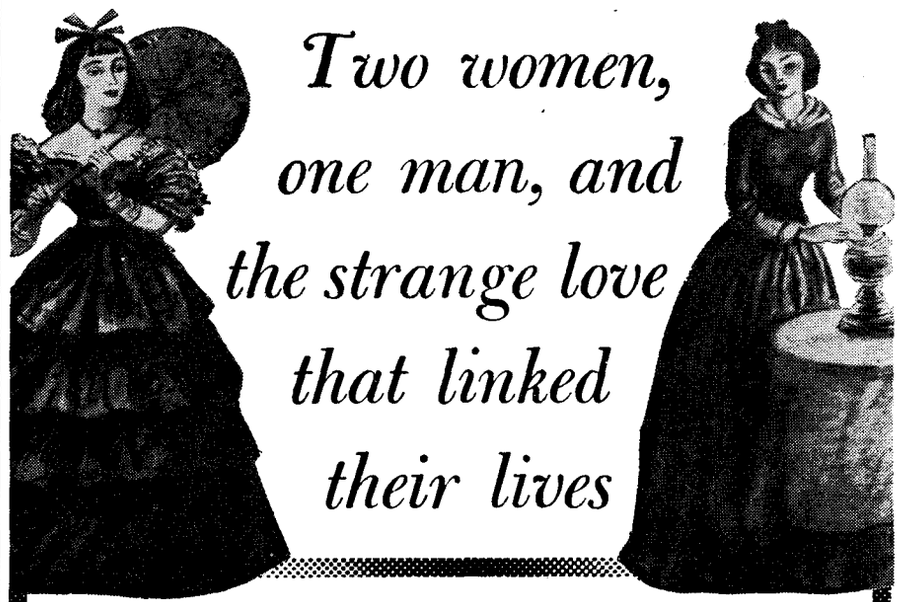
SEVEN MEN OF GASCONY, by R. F. Delderfield. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. Mr. Delderfield vividly reminds us there is, in all this world, no tie so close as that hoop of steel binding warriors. Comrades under fire, sharing plunder, prison, the long march, campaign after bitter campaign, victory, defeat, and death; these are truly blood brothers, united in eternity.

Bonaparte's battles allow for plenty of testing. The seven Gascons of this rousing story follow their Emperor as a unit for five years, from Austria, through Portugal and Moscow, up to the final crumbling. Only one outlives Waterloo, surviving solely on his memories. The compound of brutality, detachment, loyalty, and sheer pride in combat is matched by the veteran's acceptance of war, by the smell of strife, and the clear call of adventure. Camp followers and one or two romantic interludes occasionally relieve the clamor but the sabers are sure to rattle again. The old soldier never died in those days of the long, long ago. There was a thrill to the fight then. Mr. Delderfield states that thrill vigorously and romantically.

KING OF THE BASTARDS, by Sarah Gertrude Millin. Harper. $3. Mrs. Millin has dug deep into her native South African lore and brought forth an almost legendary figure. A white wanderer among the primitive blacks, a great hulk of a man, ready to do tribal battle, embark on a distant trek, or take time out to breed among his Hottentot harem, Coenraad De Buys dominates his times and this novel. So prodigious was this Bush Brigham Young that he alone sired the entire half-breed Bedouin clan flagrantly called "Bastards." The term persists today near the Vaal River.

Gory with death by poison, murderous revenge, drinking of hot blood, human sacrifice, and Renaissance wrath, this pagan pageant actually occurred as recently as the early nineteenth century. Violence mitigated by miscegenation, dark gods at war with Christianity, and the struggle for a country's birth lose pungency in Mrs. Millin's tortured pseudo-Biblical telling. Labyrinthine reading.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.



Two women, one man, and the strange love that linked their lives

THIS is a story of the bitter conflict between two kinds of love—the possessive, almost tyrannical love of a woman for a man, and the passionate, exciting love of a man and a woman for each other. Both loves involved one man and two women who were sisters—a situation which led finally to a devastating act of vengeance.

As in *The Rich Woman,* Anne Meredith demonstrates her rare ability to breathe life into her characters, her deep insight, and her gift for creating suspense. *$3.00*

THE
Sisters

A new novel by the author of THE RICH WOMAN

ANNE MEREDITH

At all bookstores, ***RANDOM HOUSE,*** *N. Y.*

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

CRAMMING ON THE CONTINENT

WERE I a student faced with the problem of studying this summer I would take myself, and my studies, to Europe. I can't claim this as an original thought, even among students. Some 8,000-9,000 have already indicated such an intention to poll-takers, informal or professional. It seems altogether sure that 1949 will be the biggest year for foreign summer study since the war.

Even countries politically considered on the critical list will have courses for Americans. In Czechoslovakia twenty summer grants are available for U. S. students with a working knowledge of Czech or Slovak. You can write the Ministry of Education, Dept. VI, Praha IV. Heidelberg, Munich, and Marburg universities, all in the American zone, will each accept seventy-five students for courses running from August 1-28. An all-inclusive fee of $25 a week for board, room, and tuition has tentatively been set by the Office of Military Government for Germany. If you are interested, write the university directly, and expect your application to be submitted to Military Government for clearance.

The Austrian State Tourist Department, in inviting enrolment at the Mozarteum in Salzburg, reminds students that they can study in the same atmosphere that produced Mozart, Straus, Haydn, and Schubert. Courses both in music and the theatre under the direction of Dr. Bernhard Paumgartner and Dr. Eberhard Preussner will cost $100 per master course. The tuition fee includes ten single lessons plus additional classes, and for conductors, daily lectures and rehearsals both with orchestra and chamber-music ensemble. Classes run from July 20 to August 31, and the Salzburg Festival, which students will be given an opportunity to attend, from July 27 until August 30.

Your politics and your conscience being your own business, I submit without further comment an advisement from Spanish Student Tours that the University of Madrid is offering sixty-five days of study to American students and teachers. You have to study three hours a day for six weeks to obtain the customary six credits, but afternoons and evenings are free. There are, of course, a number of courses in Spanish grammar, conversation, and composition, and a miscellany of graduate studies, one of which, I note, is entitled "Spanish Humanism." It's a thirty-hour course and offers two credits. On the same side of the street, American students are invited to enroll in the summer course of the University of Santo Domingo, which, it is interesting to see, has been recognized by the Veteran's Administration for benefits under the GI bill.

American Youth Hostels, which before the war registered over ten million overnight guests a year, is back offering low-cost foreign travel to any student seventeen years old or better who can ride a bicycle forty miles a day while wearing a thirty-pound pack. With those qualifications, the ten-million-a-year figure is even more incredible. The cheapest hostel trip is Quebec (minimum age, fifteen) which costs $90; the most expensive, the Far East and Japan, which costs $1,365. SITA, the Students International Travel Association, a non-profit organization, offers guided automobile and bicycle trips—they prefer to call them odysseys—both here and abroad. A seventy-day odyssey through England, France, Benelux, Germany, and Scandinavia using bicycle and cars, for example, costs $895.

Travel & Study, Inc., has a press tour of England and France for journalism students, the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture is sponsoring a foreign exchange for young farmers, and the United World Federalists will offer a tour to twenty students interested in the federalist movements in Europe.

Two reports of trips for teen-agers have reached this desk. Columbia Tours of 507 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., offers a number of co-ed trips both here and abroad, but the most enticing is the "Deb-U-Tour." The Deb-U-Tour invites young ladies

(*Continued on page* 36)

File on the Isles

BUNDLES of books on Britain are due in time for the annual eastward onslaught. In order of their appearance they are:

THE WEST OF ENGLAND. By Ruth Manning-Sanders. Batsford. $3.75. One of the Face of Britain Series, due in April.

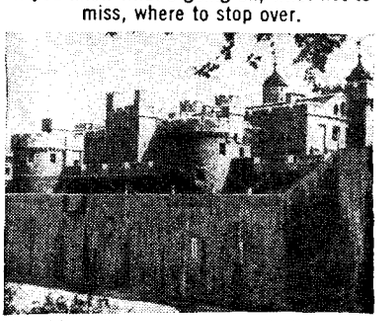
LITTLE GUIDES TO THE ENGLISH COUNTIES. Batsford. $2.25 *each.* A reissue of eight in the pocket-sized series, each with sixty illustrations. The counties in question are Devon, Dorset, Hampshire, Gloucestershire, Somerset, Sussex, Norfolk, and Wiltshire. Due in May.

DUBLIN. By John Harvey. Batsford. $4.50. A city in the British Cities Series, coming out in June.

GREAT BRITAIN. Edited by Dore Ogrizek. Whittlsey House. $6. The same treatment given "France, Paris and the Provinces" last year, with 250 color illustrations, seventeen maps, and twelve writers. June.

MIDLAND ENGLAND. By W. G. Hoskins. Batsford. $3.75. "The Face of Britain" again, embellished with a hundred pictures. June.

GREATER **ENJOYMENT**
WILL BE YOURS IN
GREAT BRITAIN
if you know what's going on, what not to miss, where to stop over.



May Miss Sargent help you? She's traveled Great Britain extensively . . . over a period of 16 years before and after the war. Make use of her experience. Let her show you the most economical inns to stop at, the historic places to see, the best way to get there . . . all this can be planned for you . . . for $2.00 for each day you're there, $10.00 minimum.

This service does not include bookings or reservations as she does not have a connection with any travel group nor does she receive commission from any agency.

ELIZABETH C. **SARGENT**
28 Ashmun Street New Haven, Conn.

Please send FREE Folder with Map to

Name_____

Address_____

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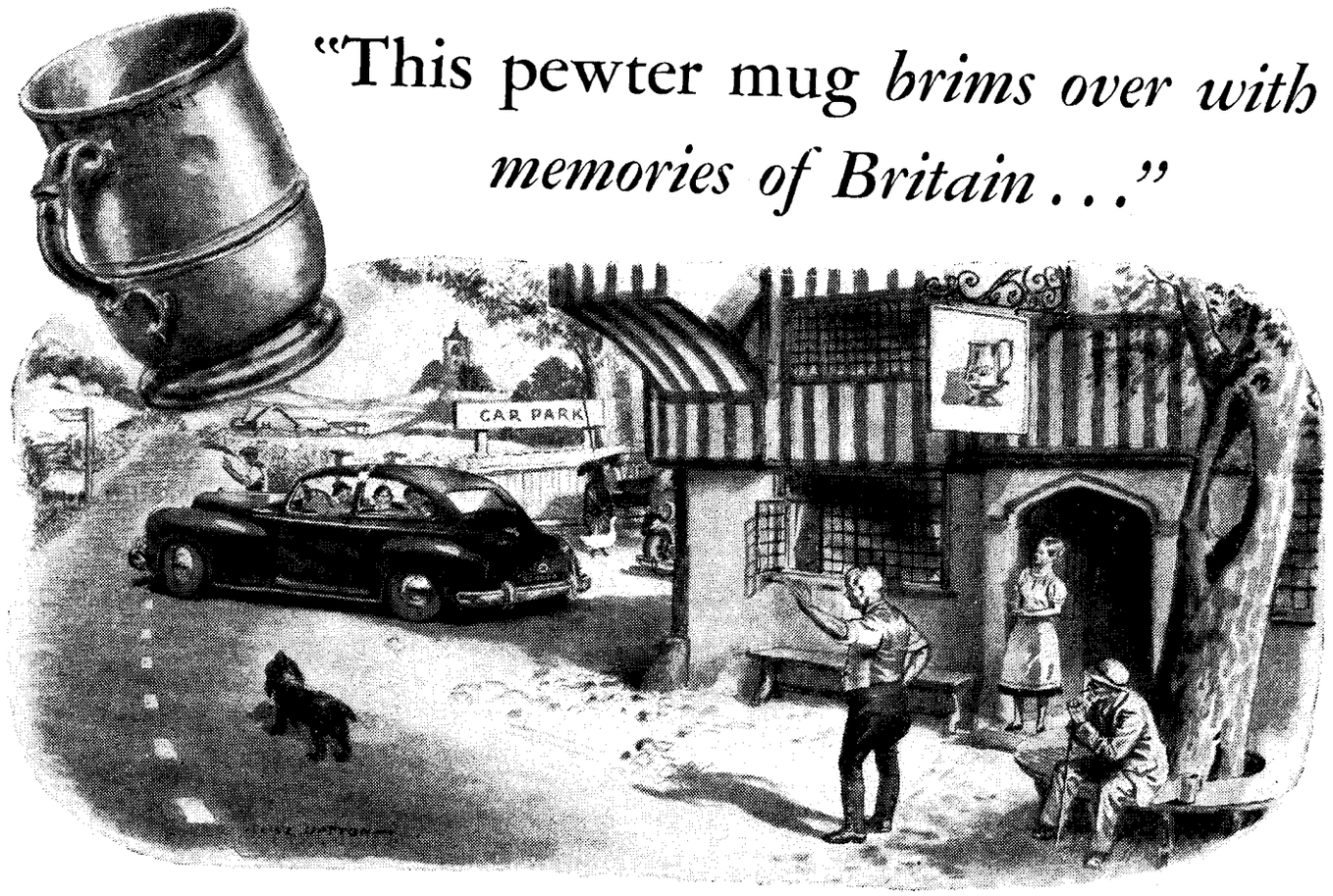
"This pewter mug *brims over with memories of Britain . . .*"

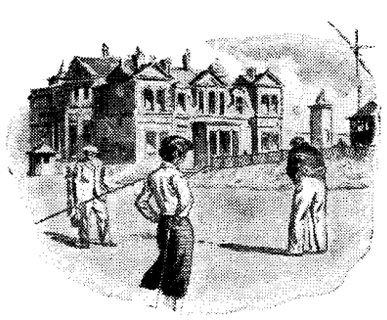


"We stayed outside London—but in easy reach—at an old-world country inn. That's where this pewter mug came from. My ale was never served in any other. '*Your* tankard', the landlord used to call it.

"And when the time came to say good-bye, he had it wrapped up and waiting for me. 'A small reminder of your stay with us', he said. 'It's old and dented and not worth much—but back home it'll likely call to mind the happy days you spent here.'

"Now, what friendly thoughts of Britain the sight of it brings back! For it helps us remember our welcome, too, by so *many* kindly British people. And it starts us off again, in memory, on that wonderful, varied tour . . ."

"Remember the Welsh National Eisteddfod, with its age-old ritual and those Druids' robes . . . and the beauty of the choral singing in the open air?"



"Remember the thrill of playing 'round 'Royal and Ancient' St. Andrews . . . and how you sank that putt for a 'birdie' at the 18th hole?"

"Remember the R.A.F. pilot who'd become a baseball fan when training here during the war . . . and who stopped us in Piccadilly to ask how the Red Sox were doing?"

PLAN YOUR TRIP TO BRITAIN NOW. *And remember that September and October—here where Summer lingers—are glorious months for a vacation. By coming then you'll avoid the mid-season rush for ships, planes and hotels. You'll take better advantage of Britain's "compactness". . . moving even more quickly and easily from place to place, and, as it were, from century to century. Illustrated literature and complete information from your travel agent, or from BRITISH TRAVEL ASSOCIATION (Tourist Div. of the British Tourist and Holidays Board), 336 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.*

Come to Britain

Where more than half-a-million visitors from overseas found a Royal Welcome in 1948

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'LET'S HALT AWHILE' IN BRITAIN

Ashley Courtenay—leading Hotel Authority—in his book, 'Let's Halt Awhile,' packs into 304 pages all you want to know about BRITAIN'S BEST HOTELS

A typical village in Kent.

From a London Correspondent

"To Americans Ashley Courtenay is known as the Duncan Hines of Britain. To Britishers and Overseas visitors touring Britain, his hardy annual "Let's Halt Awhile" has become an indispensable work of reference. It is not just a guide book to hotels and inns, but a record of the GOOD places he has met with in his travels. He shows rare discrimination in picking out the right hotels for varied tastes, and his personal recommendations are only excelled by the gratitude of the yearly hundreds of visitors and holiday-makers who benefit from his advice on where to stay. Every traveller to Britain, and especially those interested in the development of travel, should make certain, as I did, of procuring a copy of this delightful work. Indeed, without it your passport has not been properly endorsed."

The 1949 edition is now available, and copies can be ordered through your bookstore or direct from

B. T. BATSFORD, LTD.
122 East 55th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

to whom trade inquiries should also be directed.

Ashley Courtenay's "Let's Halt Awhile" makes an invaluable steamer or airplane present to yourself or your friends. Price $2.25.

The following are a few of Ashley Courtenay's personally Recommended Hotels. Subscribers to his book automatically become members of his Hotel Advisory Service, and are invited to write to him for Hotel Advice in any other part of Britain not mentioned below. Such inquiries should be addressed to him in England at his London address—68, St. James's Street, London, S.W. 1.

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London is well supplied with first-class hotels; the Savoy, Dorchester, Ritz, and others are world-renowned. But there are lesser known ones that carry the Ashley Courtenay Recommendation, and amongst those on the outskirts, away from the noise of traffic is—

HENDON HALL HOTEL. Once the home of David Garrick and now known as London's Country House Hotel. Little over half-an-hour from Piccadilly Circus. West End service in a rural setting. Suites, ballroom, Billiards, Swimming Pool, Tennis and adjoining Golf Links. — E. Victor, Resident Manager.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Cambridge must figure on your itinerary, and one reason alone will suffice. Here John Harvard graduated and you must visit his old College—Emmanuel. Stay at

THE ROYAL HOTEL. See the famous Ely Cathedral. Perhaps spend a day at the Headquarters of British Horse Racing — Newmarket. All these can be enjoyed from THE ROYAL, a 50-bedroom hotel which specializes in good catering.

CORNWALL

A county of contrasts; rugged rocks lie cheek-by-jowl with smooth golden sands. On her north coast the surf roars ceaselessly, whilst on her south blue-green waters lap lazily southwards. Here are just three selected bases for Cornish exploration—

NEWQUAY. HEADLAND HOTEL. Geographically and generously it makes a perfect base for Land's End, legendary Tintagel, historic Boscastle and lovely Clovelly. At its doorstep they can offer Golf, Surfing and Tennis. Every bedroom has a sea view and America is their nearest neighbour!

Nr. NEWQUAY. CRANTOCK BAY HOTEL. For real unspoilt Cornwall—yellow sands, secluded coves, the blue Atlantic, and an Hotel which provides home-grown produce and poultry, a good cellar and courteous service.

ST. MAWES. TRESANTON. Though off the beaten track of the average tourist, this small luxury Hotel is well worth making a bee-line for. In few places in Britain will you find such condensed comfort and such a personal regard for individual needs. Further —St. Mawes is a dream spot in itself.

DEVON

Glorious Devon! The cradle of sailors, soldiers, explorers and other contributors to Britain's past and present. From Devon sailed the Mayflower, and from her shores American soldiers, sailors and airmen set forth on V-Day.

CHAGFORD. EASTON COURT. Into this small Tudor House, Mrs. Postlethwaite Cobb (American) and Mr. Norman B. Webb have compressed all those nicetles which excite the admiration of e large clientele of Overseas visitors. A romantic centre for Dartmoor and the Dart, and the sea coast of Devon and Cornwall.

EXETER. ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL. Here in the quiet of the Cathedral Close, hundreds of Overseas visitors have passed through its corridors rich in memories of an historic past. Visit this ancient City. Let them plan for you an itinerary to cover the pick of Devon and Cornwall, for the ROYAL CLARENCE stands at the gateway to the West.

Nr. EXETER. COUNTESS WEIR HOUSE. A lovely Queen Anne Manor House, 2½ miles from Exeter, with all modern amenities but keeping its old-world charm. Large garden with an 8-minute bus service to Exeter, Moor and Sea. Proprietors Lt-Col. and Mrs. L. Winterbottom.

TORQUAY. GRAND HOTEL. Stands The Grand, one of Britain's best. With its 200 rooms and suites, it makes a fine headquarters for touring Dartmoor and the Dart and such famous historic heritages as Exeter, Plymouth, Brixham and Dartmouth. A seaside base plus country loveliness.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE

For the heart of the Cotswold country with its peaceful weathered stone villages. A base too for Shakespeare's birthplace — Stratford-on-Avon and a centre for the Wye Valley, and such heritages in stone as Gloucester, Worcester and Hereford Cathedrals, Tewkesbury and Tintern Abbey.

CHELTENHAM SPA. THIRLESTAINE HALL HOTEL. One of the most comfortable hotels it has been my good fortune to encounter. For all-around completeness, the bedrooms, each with private bath, are superb. Full floor service provided with a smile. And the 7-acres of hotel grounds are a reminder that there is no garden in the world so beautiful and restful as a British one.

CIRENCESTER. STRATTON HOUSE HOTEL. Centrally-heated throughout, and with large windows to capture the warmth of the sun, Stratton House combines the virtues of a residential country Hotel with the comforts of a night's lodging for the transient traveller. A delightful base for touring the Cotswolds. Suites or rooms with private bath available. Extensive grounds.

HAMPSHIRE

Before you leave the shores of Britain halt awhile in the glades of Hampshire's New Forest. Visit the historic shrines of Winchester Cathedral and Christ Church Priory; all but a few miles from your probable port of embarkation—Southampton.

LYNDHURST (New Forest). PARKHILL HOTEL. 8 miles from Southampton and on the main line to London. Boats met. Lovely scenery. All kinds of sport—own swimming pool. Supervised by owners. Every modern convenience. Cheerful and efficient service. Licensed.

KENT

"Kent, sir? Everybody knows Kent. Apples, cherries, hops and women" So said Jingle, in the Pickwick Papers. Here is the Garden of England; teeming with historic interest such as Canterbury and Rochester Cathedrals, and Penshurst Place. English history began in Kent, a fitting county from which to start on an appreciative tour of Britain.

FOLKESTONE. PRINCES HOTEL. A stepping-stone to the Continent, a base for visiting Canterbury and the Cinque Ports. A comfortable holiday hotel in itself with hard and grass tennis courts adjoining. Three minutes from sea. 70 bedrooms.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS. SPA HOTEL. Combine a business or pleasure visit to London with a country base. (Only 34 miles from London by frequent Express Trains.) Facing south in 65 acres of Parkland, with own Golf Course. Fully licensed. Cocktail Bar, Ballroom, Lift, Private Suites.

NORTHUMBERLAND

If you are a keen fisherman of Salmon or Trout; if you are an inquisitive motorist, then this border county of Northumberland with its historic memories and literary connections will keep you enthralled.

CORNHILL-ON-TWEED. TILLMOUTH PARK HOTEL. Lovely residential, recreational and restful country house with fishing the Cheviots and Border Country, and halfway between Newcastle and Edinburgh.

SOMERSET

Pastoral Somerset! Here is much of Britain's loveliness; picturesque villages, fine stone monuments, and Exmoor, the riding playground of Britain.

BATH. SPA HOTEL. First-class in every department, this well-appointed Hotel caters especially for tourists visiting Britain. 100 bedrooms from self-contained suites to single rooms with or without private bath. Service garage for private cars, and a hire-car service available. Write W. G. Crossman for descriptive map folder.

SURREY

Surrey to the Londoner is to some extent what Long Island is to the New Yorker—A dormitory and week-end playground for business and professional interests, but with this difference—Surrey is much more picturesque! See for yourselves.

ENGLEFIELD GREEN. THE LODGE HOTEL. Station: Egham, London 20 miles. Buses to Windsor, Staines, Virginia Water quite near. Ascot 4 miles. Riding and Golf in the vicinity. Beautiful gardens, good food. Resident Proprietress: Miss Hilda Downie.

RICHMOND HILL. RICHMOND HILL HOTEL. On the fringe of London, overlooking the world-famous view of the Thames Valley. Fully Licensed. Cocktail Bar. Dancing every night. Tennis, Riding, etc. West End Service. Excellent cuisine and wines.

SUSSEX

William the Conqueror, 1066. A date all English-speaking people have memorised, but there are still a number who have yet to visit his landing-place—Hastings, Lewes and its castle, or to ramble over the South Downs, or to stay at one of her seaside resorts. Here are three mellowed bases for your pleasure.

MIDHURST. SPREAD EAGLE HOTEL. A famous Coaching Inn dating from 1430—replete with modern comforts and old-time charm. Come and see its many exhibits, stay in the bedroom once occupied by King Edward VII, enjoy the beauties of the Sussex Downs and the pleasures of her coastline. Under 50 miles from London.

PULBOROUGH. CHEQUERS HOTEL. One hour from London, near station. Charming old-world 15th-century Inn. Well known for unusual comfort, varied and appetising meals. Delightful all-year-round rural centre in lovely countryside full of historic interest; many picturesque villages. Golf, Tennis, Riding, Fishing.

RYE. MERMAID HOTEL. This famous 15th-century Inn, once a meeting place for smugglers, is surely about the cutest place you can see in Britain. Full of old beams, murals and latticed windows, it is not only a show-place, but a popular rendezvous for all appreciative of first-class food and wine. Here you will be well taken care of by its owners, Capt. and Mrs. R. Collins.

WILTSHIRE

Practically every phase on British history can be traced in this county of rolling downland, e.g., Stonehenge, Old Sarum, Salisbury, and off the beaten track is one of Britain's loveliest villages—Castle Combe.

SALISBURY. OLD GEORGE HOTEL. Partly timbered, built about 1320. Modern wing. H. & C. water, gas, electric or central heating in all 40 bedrooms, most of which face the garden. Some private bathrooms. Unlicensed. Garage adjoining. Resident Proprietors: D. & W. Holland Young.

Great tracks of moorland, dales, and sea-board; ancient Abbeys, Castles and Churches. The Yorkshireman will tell you, and quite truthfully, that you have not learnt to appreciate Britain until you have experienced Yorkshire's centuries-old hospitality.

BOLTON ABBEY. DEVONSHIRE ARMS. Within a few paces are the famous ruins of Bolton Abbey. Within the compass of a day's motoring are other famous Cathedrals, Abbeys, and beauty spots, and at this ducal Inn will be found luxurious furnishings, interesting fare and genuine Yorkshire hospitality.

HARROGATE. GRAND HOTEL. Always in Season, and a dominating landmark of this world-famous Spa. Ever a mecca of American visitors. Newcomers are quick to appraise its convenience as a base for visiting such ancient heritages as Fountains Abbey, York Minister, Ripon Cathedral, and as a halfway house between London and Edinburgh.

WALES

A nation within a nation. The Welsh have reason to be proud of their ancestry, their customs and their language. Snowdonia is as good a sample of Wales as one could get for a first insight, so make your headquarters at —

BEAUMARIS, ISLE OF ANGLESEY. THE BULKELEY ARMS. From its windows the whole of Snowdonia lies before you. From its doors can be visited the heart of Wales. In this beautiful Hotel can be experienced a comfort that spells contentment. We welcome the opportunity of serving you.

SCOTLAND

Just as a Britisher falls into the error that if he has visited New York he has seen America, so some Americans consider that they have done Scotland when they have visited Edinburgh. No bigger mistake was ever made. The real Scotland lies in her Highlands and her Lowlands, amongst her Lochs and Bens. Scottish people are not greedy but they demand that you should spend at least a week of your vacation with them.

BALLACHULISH. BALLACHULISH HOTEL. Where the mountains meet the sea. On the shores of Loch Leven amid magnificent Highland scenery, and on the main road from Glasgow to Inverness. Good food and every comfort. Fully licensed. A.A., R.A.C. Easy access by rail and road. Service Garage. Moderate terms.

FORT WILLIAM. THE GRAND HOTEL. 30 yards from Pier, Railway and Coach Stations, this hotel lives to serve the Tourist, westward bound to Skye, eastward to Inverness, southward to historic Glencoe, or upward to Ben Nevis, Scotland's highest mountain. They can arrange salmon fishing and deer stalking, automobile and steamer trips.

INVERGARRY. INVERGARRY HOTEL. Lies off the main road from Fort William to Inverness. Trout and Salmon fishing and Deer stalking, and in addition a grand centre for walking, motoring and seeing the pick of the Highlands. Capt. and Mrs. Leslie Hunt will make you more than welcome.

NAIRN. GOLF VIEW HOTEL. Within 16 miles of Inverness, this Hotel is grandly situated overlooking the Moray Firth and practically adjoins a Golf Course of championship status. Here you can experience Scottish hospitality and scenery at its best. It is one of the Eglington Group of Scottish Hotels, and that means first-class in every department.

NORTH BERWICK. MARINE HOTEL. But 25 miles from Edinburgh, this magnificently-based hotel overlooks the famed North Berwick Golf Course, and is one of the finest examples of British Hotel development since the war. No American should visit Scotland without staying at this first-class hotel, which will be an "eye-opener" in service, comfort and all-round satisfaction. It is one of the Eglington Group.

TROSSACHS. TROSSACHS HOTEL. I will concede that if you go nowhere else in Scotland, you are justified in saying on your return that here you have seen Scotland, for in this small compass are Lochs and mountains, pine and heather, salmon and trout, deer and hind. A first-class Hotel right up to the Eglington standard.

To B. T. Batsford, Ltd.,
122 East 55th Street
New York 22, N. Y.

I enclose Banker's Check/Dollar Bills value $2.25, plus postage, for a copy of Ashley Courtenay's "Let's Halt Awhile" 1949 edition.

Name.....
(BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)

Address.....

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(*Continued from page* 32)
from sixteen to twenty who have daddies who have a surplus $5,275 in some secret cache to travel west from New York by way of Grand Canyon, Los Angeles, and Hollywood. From the West Coast the girls will sail for Hawaii, spend twelve days on Waikiki, and return by way of San Francisco, Denver, and Chicago. Adler Expeditions of 120 Boylston St. Boston, Mass., has trips to Canada, Mexico, the West, and a number of excursions called "Stage Coach Expeditions" using that old beast of the prairie, the Greyhound Bus.

Students not on planned tours who are counting on low-cost student transportation abroad and have not already applied for it, had better write the Council on Student Travel, 156 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., *tout de suit*, if not sooner. If the council is appointed the official student travel bureau, as it assuredly will be, you will have to apply for an application and return it with proof that you are going to Europe as a student or a member of a work camp. The council will then give you a priority rating. Highest priority goes to enrollees in summer schools, then to those in seminars, those in work camps, apprentice-workers, persons on the group-living plan, student-teachers, those attending professional conferences, and finally, members of cultural and educational tours. Some 6,500 applications are already on hand for the austerity ship accommodations which cost $250 for the round trip.

The most complete booklet on foreign summer travel is available from the U. S. National Student Association, 304 N. Park St., Madison 5, Wis. It costs twenty-five cents. The American Express Company's booklet "To Study Abroad," which is free, advises students to take along a dozen extra copies of passport pictures, to remember that they must somehow solve the language barrier, and to bear in mind that some South American universities are on a summer schedule during their winter, and some are on a winter schedule during our summer. Understand? The farthest north among the world's institutes of high learning is the University of Alaska. And things are so bad over in China that the University of Nanking is quoting its tuition fee as "about a tan of rice." Six tan of rice comes to about a half a ton, in case you were contemplating paying in person.

—Horace Sutton.

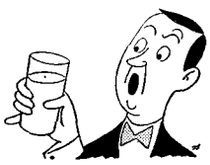
TRAVELERS' TALES

THE LONDONER'S ENGLAND, edited by Alan Bott. Macmillan. $6. A portfolio of water colors and sketches, mostly of London (but partly of the outlands), which tend to portray the well-known but not the obvious landmarks. Of the eighty-nine plates, thirty-two are done in six-color lithography, a process which has produced here a soft technique that actually imparts a mood to the subject. Each plate is faced with a short essay about the character and history of the scene depicted. The writing, which is by Mr. Bott, is facile and altogether likable. Doubtless the book will be a blessing to those in love with London, a city which has been called a hell by Shelley, a monster by Corbett, a kindly nurse by Tennyson, a nation by Disraeli, and the flower of all cities by William Dunbar.

LET'S HALT AWHILE, by Ashley Courtenay. Ashley Courtenay Ltd. $2. It seems inevitable that Ashley Courtenay is destined to go down in hotel history as the Duncan Hines of Great Britain. Worse fates could befall him. At any rate he has largely done for

How to Remain an American in Britain

"I heard a very amusing story the other day . . ."



"What, no ice?"

THE interrogation above symbolizes the standard quandary of Americans in Britain, and is also the title of a booklet published by the British Railroads dealing with — the quandary of Americans in Britain. As a force toward smoother international relations, a policy of which we are always in favor, "What, no ice?" abets its own purpose with some particularly apt drawings by Tony Barlow, some of which we print, with permission.

"Dear, do you suppose they know we're Americans?"

"Yes'm, they call us Beefeaters . . ."

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England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland what Mr. Hines has done for the United States—provided a catalogue of good hotels and inns across the length and breadth of the land. If Mr. Courtenay is to be compared with Mr. Hines, it must then be said that where Mr. Hines cuts his description to a phrase, his English counterpart provides a few paragraphs sufficient to give you the feel of the inn before you get there. The United States and Mr. Hines's operations both having reached gigantic proportions, the American reporter is unable to report personally on each of the inns which appear in his books. Mr. Courtenay on the other hand, still maintains personal scrutiny. The writing, like the title of "Let's Halt Awhile," is singularly British. Sample:

> I often get enquiries for a suitable hotel with golf links at the doorstep and when I am not tied down to a specific district the Dormy House at Westward Ho! is signalled in my memory box.

If you're bound for Britain this summer, the accent should help you get in the mood, and the information is, I dare say, indispensable.

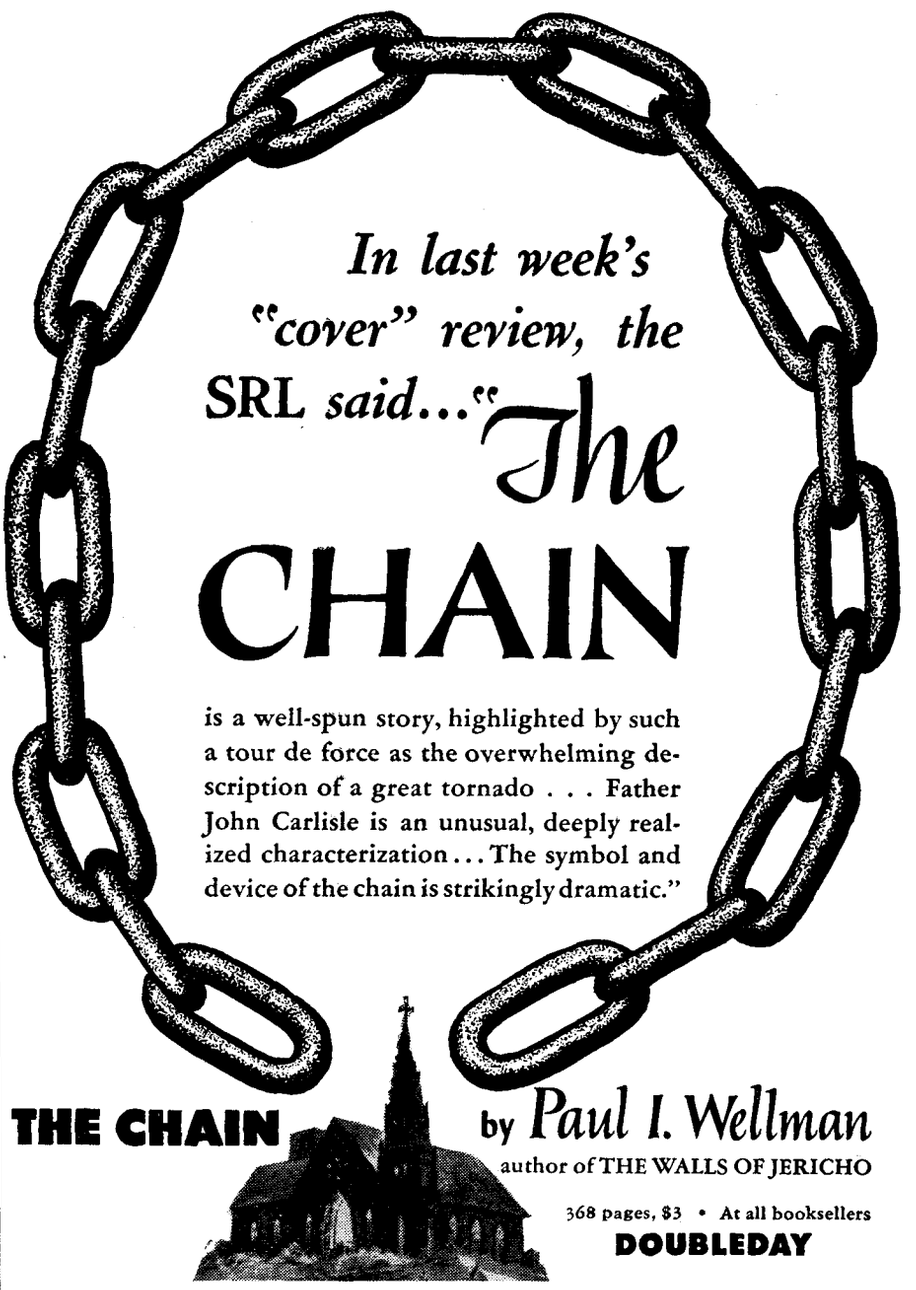
MOTORING ABROAD. Published by the American Automobile Association. 25¢. Americans motoring in Europe can just as well ride on three wheels as try to get along without this 272-page encyclopedia of foreign automotive information. It provides travel data on virtually every European country, not to mention North Africa. It offers suggested motor tours, gives road conditions, auto regulations, taxes, and suggested insurance. A directory of hotels in the back of the book lists rates all translated in American currency, and there is a map of European motor routes, stuffed as an enclosure in the back of the book. "Motoring Abroad" is available at any AAA office, or send a quarter to its International Travel Dept. at 25 Broad St., New York, N. Y.

Pause

By Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

THE armor of Mars
Hangs from a sycamore in the
King's courtyard,
Loose scaled and tarnished.

The shepherd, Peace, has broken a
hole
Through a wall without eyes
And is hurriedly herding sheep
through it,
Lest the wind start blowing
And the old armor resume
Its ghastly rattlings.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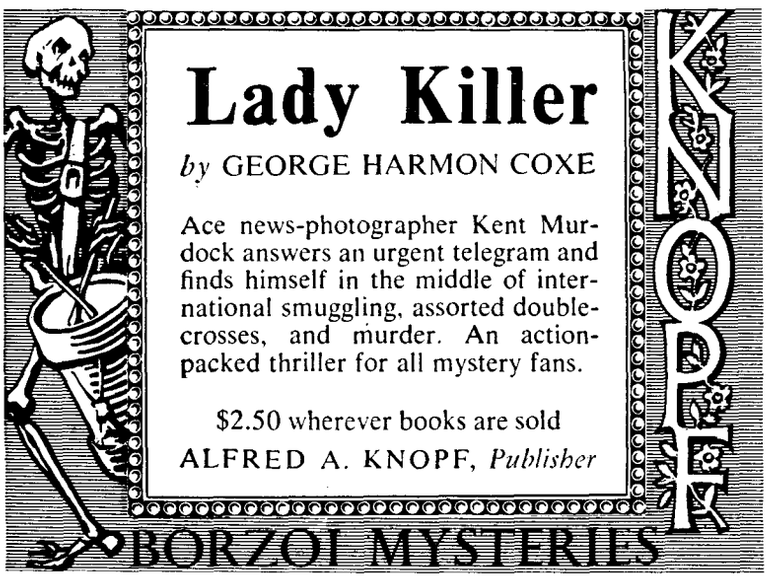
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NEW EDITIONS

I SHALL dodge the job of reviewing "The Portable Voltaire" ($2), which I edited for Viking Press, but I should like to indulge in the luxury of quotation. Having tried to define the grounds of Voltaire's greatness, and to determine the value that he has for us today, I concluded: "If this evaluation is right, then, Voltaire's greatness consists in his having been so vigorously, so comprehensively, and so successfully the representative of his age—the age of enlightenment—in which man, carrying the promises of the humanist Renaissance towards their logical conclusions, stood forth upon this earth in confidence and pride, reliant only on his own reason; when, in the words of a hostile historian, he 'arrogated to himself the peculiarly divine privilege of absolute independence or self-sufficiency, which theologians term *aseitas*.' The rational man who is content to be nothing more than rational, who can perceive no need of being anything more, who finds reason equal to human problems, who looks forward to the continuing triumphs of reason over nature—this is the type of the eighteenth-century enlightenment; this is the type of which Voltaire is the supreme example. . . .

"We have traveled far since Voltaire's day. We have seen the age of enlightenment give rise to the age of progress; to a boundless optimism, a vast complacency, reared on a triple base—the theory of evolution, the business dynamism of the Western world, and man's apparently unlimited power over nature. Then we have witnessed a failure of rational nerve; we have watched the prestige of reason decline, in many quarters, in direct proportion to the mounting achievements of science: an event caused partially, but not entirely, by the two most terrible wars in history and the threat of an even more terrible third. We have lived to hear our famous Renaissance, of which we were so proud, described not as a rebirth of human values, but as the beginning of a long period of human disintegration; while the road of science, on which we set out so bravely, is now seen by an ever increasing number of observers as the road to death. . . .

"Writers who were skeptical and uncompromising intellectuals only twenty years ago are now taking refuge in old religions of the West and even older Eastern mysteries. The fugitives from reason are following many paths, but their numbers are impressive, and the significance of their action is not to be ignored.

"Whether or not this flight is a major movement in the intellectual history of man, whether or not the rational tide, after its long run, is destined to be borne backward by a rising tide of faith, remains to be demonstrated. But, whatever the upshot, Voltaire stands and will stand as a landmark and a symbol; toweringly identified with one notable stage of man's development; perfectly representing one of man's possible responses to the challenge of life. And, for those of us who are incapable of finding supernatural solace, the rationalism of Voltaire—with all its limitations—must remain the best hope and the best instrument that man has on earth."

CONSPICUOUS and impressive in the opposing camp is such a man as Newman, who could declare with perfect certitude: "Reason can but ascertain the profound difficulties of our condition, it cannot remove them: it has no work, it makes no beginning, it does but continually fall back, till it is content to be a little child, and to follow where Faith guides it." The doctrinal development of this remarkable Christian thinker may be followed in the two volumes of "Sermons and Discourses" ($3.50 each) which have been added to the excellent edition of John Henry Newman's works—previously noticed at length in this department—which is in train under the able editorship of Charles Frederick Harrold and the imprint of Longmans, Green.

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—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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I STILL BELIEVE IN POLLS

(Continued from page 9)

creasing volume. They are still using it—since last November. Business concerns have made too many profitable decisions based on opinion research to abandon such research as a source of information. Intelligent use of survey results has guided public officials in measuring the effectiveness of their programs. Opinion research in some cases has provided basic data for historians, economists, and other social scientists. And perhaps most important, it has turned up many areas of ignorance on a host of subjects.

There was a time before the invention of the electric light when it was believed by some that because men could see by firelight and oil lamps, there was no reason to explore better ways of seeing at night. In a sense, some of the critics of present-day polls are much that way. It is true, as some of the critics point out, that the gaps of information in the social sciences are appalling and that the techniques of social science are still somewhat primitive. But today's problems can't be solved with tomorrow's superior tool. Our leaders must make *daily* decisions affecting our civilization's future, based on whatever Model-T information they have before them. It is an obligation of social scientists of all descriptions, economists, sociologists, and—yes, even opinion researchers—to strive to close those gaps. Our very survival to a large extent depends on it. But it is also an obligation to use what we have now.

Public-opinion research is no panacea. It will not operate machines nor will it run governments. But it is still the best instrument known for measuring what masses of people are thinking. And if used wisely—as it was *not* in the Presidential election of 1948, but as it has been by many who make decisions affecting the relation of man to man—it can be an invaluable asset in the struggle to attain a more productive, more satisfying, and more peaceful life.

The lessons which opinion researchers are being urged to learn in employing restraint when making claims for their work would seem to have especial application to the critics of the polltakers now.

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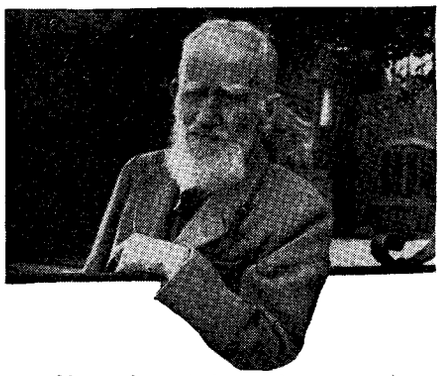

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VANGUARD

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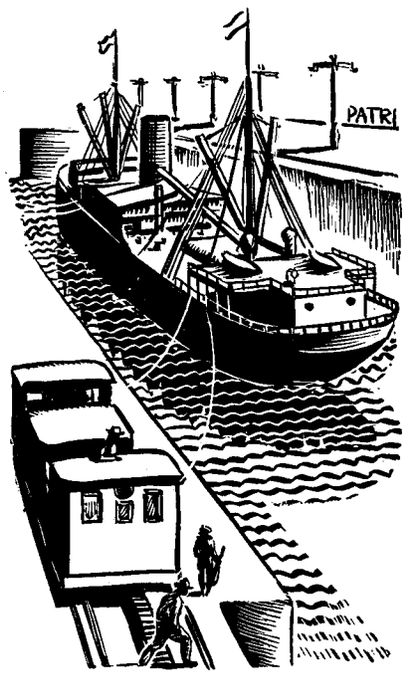
the Phoenix Nest

THIS instalment will come to you from the Canal Zone, but interesting secrets will be revealed! When my wife and I decided to go to California on a freighter, we picked the *S.S. President Buchanan* of the U. S. President Lines, formerly the old Dollar Line. This ship was, during the war, called the *Skidmore Victory*, after the girls' college. Any community or college raising a certain amount through the sale of War Bonds could have a ship named after them then. It is a fine ship, and we are cabined aft where the gun-crew used to be quartered. We have put our deck chairs out on the fantail, and we go up on the loading bridge in the evening and take a look at the stars. Last night we had the Dipper behind us, and the North Star; Orion and Sirius above; Canopus, starrily blue, on the port bow, and the Southern Cross. This morning we had Cuba to starboard. We went through Crooked Island Passage this morning, and last night we passed San Salvador. At least, a landlubber *hopes* that that is a correct report! I was told today that there have been flying fish, but a flying fish seems too spry for my astigmatism, even though the purser has loaned us binoculars bought in Japan. I did take notice of a red-winged blackbird that apparently stowed away in some fashion, and settled on a coiled hawser aft. Pretty epaulets of red and yellow! A travel mate secured some bread to feed him.

We discerned a light house on the eastern tip of Cuba; otherwise what we saw of it looked pretty barren. We have been up on the bridge and surveyed the ship and the sea. The water is as blue as bluing, our steam is very light, white, and evanescent, the blue sky is fairly cloudless, and I have just written about how the captain, E. C. Dumouchelle, showed us the chart room, wheel room, etc., and how the chief engineer, Mr. McIndoo, has guided us through the depths of the ship, where we viewed generators, turbines, all sorts of steam, water, and oil gauges and indicators, the alley where the forged steel propeller shaft turns in its bearings—over 170 feet long, I think—, the engineers' workshop, and the refrigerator rooms full of food. All this I wrote to my wife's little grandson, and much more. We have every comfort of home, even to an electric icebox, Col-Temp, in the lounge next our stateroom. And we brought aboard what goes well with ice! The ship is carrying what look like jeeps, full (we are told) of acid, on the deck. Our cargo is miscellaneous enough to consist of most things, including machinery, matzoths, many articles beginning with M and other letters, soap, gin, drygoods, and all your little heart could desire. The only other passengers—it carries but four—are a gentleman from near Cleveland and his wife. He manufactures electrical switchboards and reads the *Kiplinger Magazine*. He has traveled extensively (they both have) and knows most parts of the world. They are companionable and interesting. But what is the pertinence of all this to literature?

Well, here's one thing. I am a customer of the Old Settler Bookshop up in Walpole, New Hampshire. The proprietor, named Kolvoord, sends me his catalogues ever and anon. The other day I received a mimeographed list called, as I recollect, the "Bibliohioan," and noted that it did come from Ohio. Looking closer I saw the name Kolvoord, and concluded that my Walpole man must have moved west. Talking to Mr. Kovar, my fellow passenger, who is of Czech (or Bohemian) descent, he told me about his son-in-law who had a house full of books, and how the last time he visited there he found him and his partner mimeographing their catalogue in the basement. What they were mimeographing was the "Bibliohioan," and the Kolvoord in Ohio is



the brother of *my* Kolvoord in New Hampshire! That is as near a coincidence as any of which I know!

I have conceived a hearty respect for the officers who run this ship, as they are very well-informed, and seem to know everything needful. I discovered today that our captain, Dumouchelle, has read Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath" and "Tortilla Flat" and that our purser, Mr. Brownlee, likes the detective stories of Raymond Chandler, to say nothing of the acting of Monty Woolley. My wife has just finished R. C. Hutchinson's "Elephant and Castle"; and, after galloping through George Orwell's pithy and impressive satire "Animal Farm," I am now reading "All Friends Are Strangers," by John Metcalfe, an extraordinary English novel that should be brought out in this country.

Aside from languidly tapping this out on my portable in the lounge, we lead the life of several Rileys, eating and sleeping and getting sunburned, and exchanging stories. The captain has the best stories, though my wife experiences a little difficulty in separating the true ones from the unalloyed feats of his imagination!

The captain says that we shall sit high on a wing of the bridge in our deck chairs when we pass through the Canal, and survey it like royalty. Well, a spot of royalty in a man's life never did *me*, at least, any harm!

I have also been keeping a diary. I hope I shall continue the habit. It has lapsed for so long!

I have just looked out of the porthole but I see neither ships nor land. We bowl along with unabated aplomb. Now I am typing on Saturday and we are in the Caribbean. Yesterday we passed Navassa Island, whose summit is covered with stunted palm trees and cactus, and it is inhabited by iguanas and numerous flocks of sea birds. The island is of volcanic origin and is composed of limestone interspersed with veins of sharp honeycombed rocks of iron pyrites. And I lifted that description bodily from "Sailing Directions for the West Indies, Vol. 1, Section A, Coasts, Including Minor Ports," wherein the captain drew for me a pencil line showing our course! Only the tenders of the lighthouse (a light-gray cylindrical concrete tower) live on Navassa. I understand that, because you couldn't *get* me to live there, unless you cut me adrift in an open boat!

Well, Hispaniola and Jamaica are behind us, and I can't find that the Caribbean is a different color from any other water. But the captain says this is the best weather he has ever had on this run; so enough, dear readers, and let me enjoy it!

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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The Film Forum

OBLIVION (OFFICIAL VERSION)

***The Saturday Review's* Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

In the Jan. 29 FILM FORUM we reviewed two important films, "The Drug Addict" and its shorter version, "Pay-Off in Pain." We pointed out that these films, sponsored by the Canadian Government as public documents, were circulating freely in Canada in the movie theatres as well as on 16mm., but that the State Department, acting apparently on the request of the Treasury's Bureau of Narcotics, had asked for these films to be withheld from exhibition in the U.S. We asked our readers to let us have their reactions.

The replies were unanimous. All apparently felt that the films should be distributed, and that public opinion was responsible enough to permit the discussion of drug addiction on the same basis as other social evils which are no longer tabu topics. The following letters are typical:

SIR: The most appalling aspect of the suppression of the Canadian film "The Drug Addict" is the reason supposedly given by our Treasury Department for requesting the Canadians not to release it here. *The New York Times* on Nov. 28 quoted "a trade paper report from Toronto" as saying that the request was based on the United States attitude that "drug addicts be treated as criminals, while Canada regards them as sick persons. . . ."

Psychiatric patients, too, were once treated as criminals, but we are accustomed to thinking of that era as part of the Dark Ages. A medically sound attitude toward drug addiction would seem to be long overdue.

Prevention is not only less expensive than punishment in terms of public funds, it also saves people, whose value cannot be counted in dollars. It is true that we do not know everything about the prevention and cure of drug addiction, but we will not learn unless freedom of information prevails.

DAVID LINTON.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I believe that showing a film like "The Drug Addict" to audiences all over the U. S. would be one of the most effective ways of educating the public to the danger to society and the individual both . . .

BEVERLY J. HILLS.

Milwaukee, Wis.

SIR: Thank you for your *SRL* review of the motion picture "The Drug Addict." What reasons, if any, have been given by the Bureau of Narcotics for asking that the film not be distributed in the United States? If the public must ask for the release and distribution of the motion picture in question, I trust that our Treasury Department consider itself urged. As one of the Public of the Republic I so urge!

(MRS.) ROBIN KINKEAD.

San Francisco, Calif.

Most encouraging of all, a prominent sociologist, who has made a lifelong study of drug addiction and its treatment, wrote to us to say that he wished to spend his sabbatical leave this semester in campaigning for the release of the Canadian films, which he regarded as important instruments of public information on a subject far too long hushed up.

Following the theme of these letters, Norman Cousins, editor of SRL, *on Feb. 24 wrote to the Commissioner of Narcotics, asking whether he could see his way to allowing the exhibition of the drug films. "If," he added, "there is some consideration preventing this course, of which I am not aware, I should be grateful to you for a statement of policy with which* The Saturday Review *can answer its many inquirers."*

The Acting Commissioner's reply is quoted in full:

SIR: Reference is made to your letter of Feb. 24, relative to a review in your columns of motion pictures detailing incidents in connection with narcotic drug addiction. On the basis of statements made by your reviewer, you solicited comment from your readers.

The code of the motion-picture producers and distributors prohibits presenting scenes of addiction and similar features of the narcotic traffic. This position was arrived at independently by the industry. However, we are in entire accord with it because of the lurid manner in which even the best-intentioned vehicle of this type might be exploited. Once the bars were lowered, there would be no basis on which discrimination could be exercised.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Washington, D. C.

Mr. Cunningham seems to overlook the fact that the industry prohibition of the subject of drugs was relaxed two years ago, and that the very successful "To the Ends of the Earth" was built round this topic. Incidentally, this film included a sequence on the UN Narcotics Commission, a body which has most warmly endorsed "The Drug Addict." Mr. Cunningham further seems to suggest that the public cannot be trusted to decide what information is good for it, and what use it shall be put to. There the matter stands. No lowering of the bars. No controlled 16mm. distribution. No "Drug Addict." But Sir Thomas Browne had a word for it when he said, "Oblivion cannot be hired."

—RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE.

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PERSONALS

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INTERESTING, ATTRACTIVE, YOUNG LADY, reflective; counterbalanced by sense of humor; invites sincere male correspondence. Box 3-H.

YOUNG MAN, WRITER, sense of humor, understanding, excellent college, advertising background seeks interesting position, editorial, sales, companion, travel, etc. Box 4-H.

CHARMING, ADAPTABLE and ATTRACTIVE young lady, varied interests, desires correspondence with talented professional gentleman. Box 5-H.

EX-PURSER, now landlocked, desires gay, stimulating, spontaneous, ultra-feminine correspondence. Box 6-H.

LONELY MALE LOVING LIFE, literature, politics, sports, welcomes interesting female correspondence. Box 7-H.

GENTLEMAN, interested in music, art and psychology, would welcome solace from life's tedium via tolerant, tart observations on life's vagaries by fastidious female of depth and sincerity. Box 8-H.

LADY, LITERARY, HUMANITARIAN INTERESTS, seeks refresher course in living via mature correspondence. Box 9-H.

MATURE, REFINED, interesting gentleman desires sincere correspondence with educated, genial young woman with varied interests. Box 10-H.

CULTURED YOUNG WOMAN, 24, Master's degree in psychology, desires position traveling abroad after June. Box 11-H.

TIS SPRING. Male seeks female correspondence on matters adventurous or romantic. Box 12-H.

WILL ADVENTURE-LOVING GAL write professional gentleman in same category. Box 13-H.

SEA-FARING MALE, interested in writing and books, now sailing the seas, wishes to correspond with intelligent, young lady with like interests. Box 14-H.

YOUNG AMERICAN desires position, companion, governess, traveling anywhere—earth-sea-air. Languages, most sports, drives car. Genuinely fond children. Box 15-H.

YOUNG MAN finding himself dull, uninteresting, seeks interesting female correspondence. Box 31-H.

PERSONALS

COUNTRY BOY will exchange correspondence with charming city sophisticate. Box 16-H.

MALE TEACHER, late 20's, undertaking Western tour this summer in '48 Studebaker, wishes companion to share expnses. Box 19-H.

REGISTERED NURSE, business and travel experience, wants interesting, stimulating position as companion. Box 17-H.

DOCTORS—PACIFIC NORTHWEST AREA! Young lady, commercial background, wants interesting position doctor's office. Available May 1. All answers carefully considered. Box 20-H.

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PERSONALS

MIDDLE-YOUNG PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, fond of world (self included) trusting usefulness of insight and right for optimal human happiness, wishes correspondence with great man adjusted to world as is, but working toward adjusting world to his standards. Box 32-H.

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VETERAN, COLUMBIA, must clear $300. this summer. Knows Spanish, French. Interested literature, writing, philosophy, music, art, desires something requiring intellectual exertion. Box 33-H.

MATURE, CULTURED WIDOW, varied interests, desires correspondence with intelligent mature gentleman, equally lonely. Box 34-H.

YOUNG MAN, congenial and understanding, invites provocative, female correspondence. Box 35-H.

MATURE, CULTURED, REFINED WOMAN wants room, in exchange evening oversight of child. CIrcle 5-8672.

INTERESTING, SINCERE, REFINED, understanding, young man of many interests, slightly physically handicapped would enjoy correspondence with an interesting, sincere, refined, young girl also slightly physically handicapped. Box 36-H.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 783

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. American painter known for landscape, murals, stained glass work (1884-1936).	31 121 35 116 131
B. A fool.	76 41 169 22 144 4 108
C. Distinctly uttered.	159 133 170 15 40 65 3 180 89 154
D. Not sullied, spoiled, or the like.	2 172 132 123 34 92 102 179 136
E. To influence corruptly (2 wds.; slang).	100 150 90 5 140
F. American painter (1844-1930; "The Recall of Columbus" in Capitol, Washington, etc.).	48 83 164 163 142 147
G. Norwegian writer, recipient of Nobel Prize in Literature, 1903 (1832-1910).	69 1 119 61 165 178 107 16
H. Pertaining to epic poetry adapted for recitation (Greek antiq.).	181 80 113 59 122 70 36 171 160
I. Remaining closed at maturity, said of many fruits (bot.).	162 29 166 75 6 152 39 97 115 126 117
J. Abbey in which Sir Walter Scott is buried.	118 111 124 103 130 68 46 30
K. Pertaining to a school of Greek philosophers of the 6th century B. C.	49 158 27 7 93 148 182
L. American landscape painter (1838-1915).	38 145 99 32 47 79 177 25 19

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Name of the captain of the pirates in "Peter Pan" by Barrie.	51 168 71 114
N. First name of the inventor of the cotton gin, 1793-94.	23 53 94
O. Well-known great Russian novel, 1875-77.	10 74 45 135 14 139 155 110 96 125 85 60
P. Earliest English potter of note (1640?-1703).	8 120 28 127 138 141
Q. Noted Sanskrit epic of the life of Ramachandra.	57 13 9 37 104 67 42 81
R. To issue forth from a source.	134 153 105 20 88 62 156
S. A play written to display the special powers of an actor.	149 12 109 77 167 66 146
T. To give inconvenience or trouble to; to molest or disturb.	44 106 64 21 26 129 95 17 174
U. Russian novelist (1905-; "And Quiet Flows the Don," etc.).	50 176 18 78 24 72 101 56 82
V. A jot; particle.	63 73 151 98
W. A ponderous volume.	112 84 33 52
X. Exhausted of energy.	91 54 55 161 137 86
Y. Greek mathematician of 3rd century A. D., reputed inventor of algebra.	11 128 143 157 183 58 43 175 173 87

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

							1 G	2 D	3 C	4 B	5 E		6 I	7 K	8 P		9 Q	10 O
11 Y	12 S			13 Q		14 O	15 C	16 G	17 T		18 U	19 L		20 R	21 T	22 B	23 N	
	24 U	25 L			26 T	27 K		28 P	29 I		30 J	31 A	32 L		33 W	34 D	35 A	
36 H		37 Q	38 L		39 I	40 C	41 B	42 Q	43 Y	44 T	45 O	46 J		47 L	48 F	49 K		
	50 U	51 M	52 W	53 N	54 X		55 X	56 U	57 Q		58 Y		59 H	60 O	61 G	62 R		
63 V	64 T	65 C	66 S	67 Q	68 J		69 G	70 H	71 M	72 U		73 V	74 O	75 I		76 B		
77 S	78 U	79 L		80 H	81 Q	82 U	83 F		84 W	85 O	86 X	87 Y		88 R	89 C	90 E		
91 X	92 D	93 K	94 N	95 T	96 O		97 I	98 V	99 L	100 E	101 U	102 D		103 J	104 Q			
105 R	106 T	107 G	108 B	109 S	110 O	111 J		112 W	113 H	114 M	115 I		116 A	117 I		118 J		
119 G	120 P	121 A		122 H	123 D	124 J	125 O	126 I	127 P		128 Y		129 T	130 J	131 A	132 D		
	133 C	134 R	135 O	136 D		137 X	138 P	139 O	140 E		141 P	142 F	143 Y		144 B	145 L		
146 S	147 F		148 K	149 S	150 E		151 V	152 I	153 R	154 C		155 O	156 R	157 Y	158 K	159 C		
160 H	161 X		162 I	163 F		164 F	165 G	166 I		167 S	168 M	169 B	170 C	171 H	172 D	173 Y		
174 T		175 Y	176 U	177 L		178 G	179 D	180 C	181 H	182 K	183 Y							

MARCH 26, 1949

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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SRL RECORDINGS SECTION

IMPRESSIONS

WHATEVER may be said about the present confusion in the record industry—and there has been almost as much talk as there is confusion—one useful outcome, universally overlooked, may be noted. One need not have the disposition of a Pollyanna to see in the increased use of vinyl for the manufacture of unbreakable discs by both Columbia and RCA a welcome and beneficial trend in the record business, one that has practical as well as qualitative benefits for the consumer.

In fact, from the accelerated usage of Vinylite compounds in the newer types of slow-speed records may come a manufacturing cycle in which all discs, of whatever speed, will be composed of the unbreakable material. From the first usage by RCA (in its "Till Eulenspiegel" of October 1945), those who objected to the premium price put upon vinyl have been told that if production were accelerated and usage multiplied, the price of the raw materials could be much reduced. To a degree, that condition seems to be developing; though it must be noted that the amount of vinyl in a seven-inch RCA disc is considerably less than in a conventional twelve, and the impression, on a Columbia ten or twelve, of the music formerly requiring six times as much Vinylite (in some instances) has its effect on prices also.

There has been, in the period of three years plus since it was first utilized, some searching examination of the inherent properties of Vinylite, its durability, its capacity for reproducing extremes of the musical scale. Most of the objections, I think, have been successfully met, especially with the introduction of lighter pickups, jeweled points, and matched systems from initial cut to reproducing stylus.

With the greatly increased use of vinyl by both major producers, it may be assumed that the rejection rate will be greatly reduced through perfected skills in handling it; the Utopia of a quiet, unbreakable record, at a non-premium price is at last in sight.

IRVING KOLODIN,
EDITOR, *SRL* RECORDINGS.

APRIL 1949

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The Tale of "South Pacific"

IRVING KOLODIN

AS A tradition, the play with music has been a persistent, unpredictable, and sometimes stimulating element in the atmosphere that makes up the American cultural climate. Tunes we have always had, and some very good ones. More recently—in "Show Boat," "Porgy and Bess," "Oklahoma!," and "Carousel"—we have begun to meet people and places personified, dramatized, to coin a word, melodized. From them we remember, to this strain or that, Magnolia and Ravenal, Crown, Sportin' Life, and the crippled beggar Porgy, Curly and Laurey, Mr. Snow, the barker Billy Bigelow; and now, in "South Pacific," Ensign Nellie Forbush.

It is hard to say to what extent James Michener, whose Pulitzer Prize-winning "Tales of the South Pacific" is the basis of the latest Rodgers-Hammerstein effort, created her; how much Oscar Hammerstein II, who gave her words, or Richard Rodgers, who gave her song, added; or, finally, just when she began to live in the person of Mary Martin. All that one who has seen the preliminary phases of "South Pacific" can attest is that Ensign Forbush, who was gathering moss in Little Rock till she became a Navy nurse, is a new figure in the musical theatre; one who finds her heart a better guide to reason than her head is to emotion.

Endemically a Nice Nellie—perhaps the nicest in the long list of Helens, from Troy on, who became Nellies—Ensign Forbush discovers, incidental to a global war, that Being Nice Is Not Enough. When Ensign Forbush learns that what is mete for one man, may be another's Polynesian, she almost convicts the musical theatre of a most grievous crime—making sense. As one who could have been a Colonel's lady but became instead a planter's wife, and foster-mother to his two Polynesian children, she learned more—much more—about the sisterhood that is under the skin than Kipling imagined. Certainly more about "one world" and all of that "twaddle" than is currently considered fashionable.

—*John Swope.*

Mary Martin and Ezio Pinza—accent on a French planter and a nurse from Arkansas.

All of this runs ahead—rather considerably ahead—of the focus of this inquiry: How does a collection of short stories, the first if recollection is accurate, to win a Pulitzer Prize, become the sand-in-an-oyster to produce a theatrical pearl (cultured, but not synthetic)? First you have a friend, say Joshua Logan, who reads a book and is enthusiastic about one of its stories. Then you have a spinal complaint which requires occasional bed rest, and you read the story. (Preferably the spine should be the same one that went to the opening of "Carousel" on a stretcher, thus belonging to a composer—"music writer" is his term for it—named Richard Rodgers.) You like the story ("Fo' Dolla") and read the rest of the book. You suggest to an able dramatist and lyricist—such as Oscar Hammerstein II—that he read the book. He does, and agrees that it has promise. You buy the rights, write the music and words, open in a Broadway theatre, X number of weeks later.

It is as simple as that—except that what would result under these conditions would resemble "South Pacific," probably, as a pushmobile does a Cadillac—and likely to go as far. What began with an aching spine in a New York apartment only assumed definition when the reading was done and the thinking had begun, many weeks later, as the collaborators were enjoying, *andante*, some post-"Allegro" sunshine in California.

As a composer who happened to be present, and also possesses a pretty talent for total recall, Rodgers puts it this way: "The switch [theatrical term for story line, viewpoint, or *modus operandi*] came as we were sitting around a swimming pool at Bel Air one morning. Up till that time we had been pondering the original story I read as the basis for the script. That's the one about Lieutenant Cable from Princeton and the Tonkinese girl Liat. 'Fo' Dolla' we were agreed is a good story; but could it carry a whole play without being [and here he succinctly made the right allusion] 'Madame Butterfly' all over again? The idea then came to treat this theme as subordinate, putting the heavier accent on the story ['Our Heroine'] about the French planter and the nurse from Arkansas. Here was a mature man, away from Europe almost twenty years because he killed a man in a street fight, brought into contact with a typical American girl. How would they react? What would be their effect on each other? That was something to build on. That's where we started." And that, too, was where Ensign Nellie Forbush started, though it is doubtful the partners then realized just how far she was going to go.

FIRST there was the problem of casting a "mature man away from France for twenty years" as the planter. He should have a voice, and be able to act too. (An unlikely combination, at best, since mature performers, by the time they learn to act, generally have no voice, or at least, a voice plus an un-planterish paunch.) There occurred to Rodgers-Hammerstein the intelligence that

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Ezio Pinza, after twenty years of Mephistopheles and Boris, of Don Giovanni and Don Basilio, was committed to a career on Broadway, but without a play in which to work.

Here was the almost too-good-to-be-hoped-for Emile de Becque—mature, a singer, an actor. Pinza's price was something sizable, but so were his attributes, and the deal was made. Then the picture of Ensign Forbush began to take shape—young, good looking, with that unvarnished quality to suggest Arkansas; somebody who could play a dramatic scene with Pinza, and not let it down; who could blend, as an American girl should, with the free-wheeling military personnel of the island; who could be one of them to the extent of taking part in their "amateur" theatricals; carry the show where the planter would be *de trop*. Preferably somebody who could be funny, too—sing a rhythm song if possible, and yet with enough voice to reprise a song suitable for an opera baritone on a busman's holiday.

Like a detective's reconstruction of a face from the description of isolated details, those interested bystanders soon found themselves with the image of what was in their minds. "Here we had Pinza signed and no show yet," sighed Rodgers. "We decided we might as well go completely crazy and sign up Mary Martin too." One barrier impeded—aside from Miss Martin's consent to go along with the project, which was eventually effected.

"We knew what her price was because she had been touring for us for ten months in 'Annie Get Your Gun.' With what we were committed to Pinza for, and what she should get, there just would have been no possibility of a show. But something happened that I have never experienced before in show business. We put all the facts before them, and would you believe it, each gave enough ground so that the thing became possible." No soft music being available, Rodgers let silence speak his tribute to the good luck that the performers saw in a venture together something that neither could accomplish alone.

As producers, Rodgers and Hammerstein had committed themselves to a pair of stars with only the outlines of a property in hand. They had presented to the composer and lyricist a prospect that should draw only the best of everything from them. Unfortunately, however, the task of creating that best was no one else's but their own. Should something come a cropper, there would be no convenient whipping boys, save that they took turns flaying each other.

The collaborations began as their other notable collaborations from "Oklahoma!" on began, with weeks of talk preceding composition of either words or music. The partners decided the sequence of musical numbers and their approximate length; the kinds of songs required for a given situation, and which ones would give accent and impetus to the progress of the play. When this was all formulated, they scattered—or rather Hammerstein scattered to the stand-up bookkeeper's desk he uses for writing, to evolve the dialogue and lyrics.

TO A QUERY whether one musical phrase or tune was germinal, setting the mood or the play, Rodgers answered, calmly: "I set them chronologically—the first one first, the last one last, just in the order they came to me." That eternal question about which comes first, the words or music of the popular songs we all know so well, was not even asked, but the answer was forthcoming without it. "I've always preferred to set words, but never had the chance. Larry Hart liked it better the other way. Hammerstein always wanted to write words first, and never had the chance either, because Jerry Kern, with whom he did most of his work, preferred to write music, and have words put to it. Now we work the way we prefer, and it's perfect for the two of us. Maybe that's why we get along together."

Was there a bank of musical ideas he drew upon, a reservoir, the proverbial composer's trunk? "No trunk," answered Rodgers. "I start from scratch every time. I have one tune in 'South Pacific' which I had a few years ago, but never used. The only reason I still remembered it was that one of my daughters liked it, and made me play it every so often. Hammerstein knew it too, and since there was a place for something like it in the script, suggested we put it in. Otherwise it is all worked out from the beginning right through."

On another occasion some years ago when "Babes in Arms" was the project of the moment, a conversation with Rodgers had touched on the fact that he and Hart were writing their own books. Asked if they would continue, Rodgers had then replied: "Why not? We can write as bad books as anybody, and save money." When the remark was recalled to him, Rodgers had both laughter and a serious answer: "You know, that's why Hammerstein and I became producers. After some of the production jobs that were done for us, we felt we couldn't do worse, and I don't mean the Theatre Guild."

As producers, then, the partners are responsible for not only the major details of the production itself, and even such minor ones as the kind of posters that go into the ticket agencies, but such by-products as recordings. (If you can call the million-album sale of "Oklahoma!" records a by-product!) Ezio Pinza being a Columbia recording artist of several years' standing, there was an inclination in that direction from the start. The inclination became a little more acute when Mary Martin recently signed a contract with the same firm; and it is now a flat commitment that the "original cast" album will be recorded for Columbia shortly after the opening next month.

That poses no special problem, but other kinds of recordings do. In their gay irreverent youth, Rodgers and Hart were once put upon to supply, from New York, an additional song for a picture score they had "finished" for Bing Crosby. Producing the song was no hardship; but how to have it properly auditioned in Hollywood, where they couldn't possibly go at that moment? Sheet music would be so much fodder for the studio wolves; a record, they were sure, would be played for a horde of executives in a noisy conference room, amid telephone calls and dictation to secretaries. They finally took themselves to a film studio in New York and made a voice-and-visual "clip" which, they knew, could only be heard in a projection room that would be dark—and silent.

For present purposes, such diverting schemes are irrelevant. But the demand to record "South Pacific" music before it will formally open has been considerable; and Rodgers and Hammerstein solved the problem of preserving authenticity in tempi and styles by inviting all interested companies to send representatives to an audition. There they not only heard all the songs done just as they are done in the show, and by the same personnel; when they left, each received a full set of recordings of the auditioned material, for reference! The gentleman who once wrote music for a song called "I'd Like to Recognize the Tune" still has the yen.

The tunes, and a good deal more of "South Pacific" will be recognizable from the records; including, we hope, a rather meaningful little air entitled "You've Got to Be Taught to Hate." Just what it means, in toto, I think you will discover best from the stage. For that is the domain of Ensign Nellie Forbush, who, as remarked some paragraphs back, is a new figure in the musical theatre. A heroine who makes sense—very good sense.

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You Can't Tell the Opera with a Libretto

PAUL LEWINSON

WITH the current tour of the Metropolitan, opera lovers in a dozen favored cities will be dusting off their librettos to prepare for the long-awaited performances. For most of them—those who happen not to know much German, French, or Italian—it will be obligatory. Librettos and opera glasses are standard equipment when we go to the opera; the opera glasses help us to see more clearly, but those sad gray or brown pamphlets, "With the Music of the Principal Airs," while they do show forth an image, present it somewhat crazily, like the mirrors in a Funny House. They enlighten, but also disconcert.

Indeed, there are many opera lovers who expectantly await the coming of opera to their towns, hover over their radios on Saturday afternoons, or buy costly complete recordings, who also scornfully ignore opera texts as doggerel and nonsense. It is easy to understand why, after a course of reading those entirely graceless little books commonly sold in opera-house lobbies, unappetizingly bound, printed from worn plates, full of printers' errors, and—above all—revoltingly silly in the translations (most of them).

It is worth some effort to convert the scorners of opera texts to the enlarged enjoyment of words and music. Few people would willingly screen out the color of the pictorial arts, limit their enjoyment to mass and line unenhanced. There is no disputing about tastes, of course, and anyone who chooses with full knowledge to enjoy the music of opera without regard for opera's other elements is exercising his free right of esthetic franchise. But no one really has full knowledge of the literary or verbal-dramatic element in opera who knows no more than the words which purport to be English translations in most current librettos.

To understand opera for what it really is, it is necessary to appreciate the miraculous and positive aptness of words and music to each other as in the quintet (No. 5) from Act I of "The Magic Flute":

Drei Knäbchen, jung, schön, hold und weise,
Umschweben euch auf eure Reise;
Sie werden eure Führer sein,
Folgt ihrem Rate ganz allein.
So lebet wohl! wir wollen gehn.
Lebt wohl, lebt wohl, auf Wiedersehn!

Three striplings, young and sweet and sage.
Will guide your journey's every stage,
Will watch and hover over you:
Heed their advice in all you do.
So fare you well, we leave you then;
Farewell until we meet again.

where the simple fairy-tale sentiment is so endearingly underscored by folk-like, though artful, melody and harmony.

Now, the marriage of words and music in this and many other instances is a union of *original text* with score. Probably a translation in which an English text followed the score word for word and note for note as perfectly as the original is impossible. But it is perfectly possible to make a translation that fixes the immediate situation and the sense of the original words, that is idiomatic and even good English. With opera reaching an increasing audience through records, tours, and broadcasts, miserable translations are a waste of potential interest and a cheap indignity.

I proved the possibility of decent translation to my own satisfaction after importing the recording of Monteverdi's "Orfeo" from Italy, by copying out the original words and translating them myself, although I have only the most casual (opera-derived) acquaintance with Italian. Some sample passages are included in this article. Better men than I have done it before me, and where their results are available, opera lovers should make an effort to get them instead of the ordinary librettos.*

Typical examples of poor translation (often amounting to no translation at all) abound on almost any page of the usually available librettos.

Take the opening lines of "Tosca," with which the fugitive Angelotti gains the shelter of the church: "Ah! . . . Finalmente! . . . Nel terror mio stolto vedea ceffi di birro in ogni volto." Striking a Gilbert-and-Sullivan note in a Sardou situation, Ricordi's translator, W. Beatty-Kingston, makes the frightened revolutionary say: "Ah! I have baulked them . . . dread imagination made me quake with uncalled-for perturbation." What Angelotti really says is: "Ah! . . . At last! . . . In my foolish fright I saw policemen's snouts on every face." Here the translator has shackled himself by adhering to rhythm and rhyme where neither is called for by the

*The best Wagner translations, for example, are Frederick Jameson's; owners of the Columbia Bayreuth "Tristan" have one of them as part of their sets. The Jameson translations were used in the Bayreuth librettos, and appear also in the Eulenberg miniature scores. The best Mozart translations are Edward J. Dent's, carried in some of the piano-vocal scores. Dent has also translated some of the Italian repertory, and Allen, Town & Heath, Inc., have just begun to issue these here ("Trovatore," "Rigoletto," and "Traviata") in neat pocket-size books, with notes and selected record lists, but without the original texts. More are scheduled for issue in the fall, at the uniform price of 65¢ each.

"Many opera lovers . . . scornfully ignore opera texts as doggerel and nonsense."

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dramatic situation or by Puccini's freely-flowing music.

The translations offered in Wagner librettos are usually on a higher plane, but even they are ludicrous in many instances. Sachs's cobbling song in Act II of "Die Meistersinger" is rendered:

When Mother Eve from Paradise
  Was by the Almighty driven,
Her naked feet, so small and *nice,*
  By stones were sorely riven.
  This troubled much the Lord,
  Her *tootsies* he ador'd . . .

As Sachs is here singing a song, regular rhythm and rhyme are called for by the situation, and it is worth some trouble to achieve them, even by the use of poetic inversions and other artificialities. But surely those "nice tootsies" are bootless!

There are a number of reasons why libretto translations have been poor in the past. Our opera repertory is European, and the European copyright holders often used native translators (for economy) whose English was obviously schoolboyish. Then, too, the operas, in many cases, and the translations, in most cases, are products of the Victorian age—for example, a random sampling of my libretto collection shows copyright dates of 1860 for "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," 1864 for "Fidelio," 1896 for "La Bohème," and 1899 for "Tosca." As a result, gilt, plush, and fig leaves are scattered about in the English versions to the detriment of sense and aptness. Many of these are perpetuated at the Metropolitan, where some sort of exclusive franchise has given such antiquities as these a monopoly of the lobby sales. Further, the prestige of institutional approval ("the only correct and authorized edition") has helped to spread them west of the Hudson. But by now many of the texts are in the public domain, and in any case the responsibility rests with opera producers and publishers to give today's listeners proper English texts.

What is needed for good libretto translation? I am inclined to rule out singability. This gets into the question of opera-in-English, and I would rather not wait until that question is settled, nor until the complex job of singable *and good* translation is done. What ought to be done, now or soon, and what can be done at reasonable cost, is to provide English texts that can be read by opera-goers with pleasure and an increase of understanding. This means the translator must have:

1. A good command of English, and a good general education in the humanities.
2. A working knowledge of the original language.
3. A sense of the period in which the opera was written, and of the period which it portrays.
4. A small talent for meter, because the metrical schemes of opera librettos are usually simple for musical reasons, and because English is a fairly easy language in which to versify acceptably.
5. A very small rhyming talent; again small, because adherence to a rhyme scheme impedes good translation more than it helps, and should be avoided except where the situation demands.

The objectives of new libretto translations (apart from the negative one of not making a laughing-stock of the opera) would be to make plain to the listener the course of the opera's action, its style, period, and atmosphere, the connection between words, or situation, and music. The fullest realization of the last objective—and it is the crucial one for opera—requires the most literal translation possible within the bounds of good English, word for word where that can be achieved, line for line in most cases, passage for passage where nothing better is possible.

These principles emerge for me from my little experience with "Orfeo." In choosing to make my translation metrical, I was ruled by the fact that meter seemed necessary to convey the Renaissance flavor of the original, to conform to the mythic-poetic character of the setting, and to bear the weight of the Italian's characteristically florid style. Rhyme was no problem, since the original was unrhymed save for a few lyric passages and an occasional final couplet.

Were I to attempt a translation of any libretto with a realistic situation I would stay away from both rhyme and meter; I should fear that *my* dread imagination might cause the reader uncalled-for perturbation. I should, however, break up my prose into lines conforming as much as possible to the original text or to the layout of the musical phrases.

On the other hand, I feel that the otherwise excellent translations made by Faith Mackenzie and H. F. V. Little for the Mozart Opera Society recordings suffer from the total absence of meter and rhyme; reasonably decent doggerel could be made nicely to underscore the eighteenth-century conventional artificiality of the plots, situations, and treatment.

Such effort on the part of a translator, however, might have the compensating virtue of reducing by far the effort of the newcomer to opera. Synopses, which begin, "As the curtain rises, Manrico has been separated from his brother (whose existence he is ignorant of) for many years," are scant help, since they put the listener in the middle of a situation which is only to be solved by a knowledge of the play itself. Better a clear, idiomatic rendering of the text actually set by the composer, with an appreciation of the backward and forward flow of drama as it develops. But it should be clear and idiomatic!

Paul Lewinson is a musical amateur, by his own description, now employed in non-musical work by the National Archives, Washington, D. C. In his varied career, however, he has done much magazine work, including a spell on The Musical Digest *when Pierre V. Key was its editor.*

—*Ralph Steiner.*

My Favorite Records

Aldous Huxley belongs to that growing band of literary figures who have celebrated the phonograph in fiction. Over twenty years ago, in "Point Counter Point," he wrote some perceptive pages about a recording of Beethoven's Opus 132 Quartet. "The artificial memory revolved, a needle traveled in its grooves, and through a faint scratching and roaring that mimicked the noises of Beethoven's own deafness, the audible symbols of Beethoven's convictions and emotions quivered out into the air." In the past two decades surface noise has decreased; and Mr. Huxley's phonographic enthusiasms have increased. Today it is the L'Anthologie Sonore series which comes in for Huxleyan praise: "The whole collection is wonderful, being filled with revelations of hitherto unheard music."

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Beethoven: "Symphony No. 9 in D Minor," Op. 125 ("Choral"). The Philadelphia Orchestra. Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. "Leonore Overture No. 3 in C Major," Op. 72a. Paul Kletzki conducting the Philharmonic Orchestra. *Columbia Set SL-50.*

"Canadian Capers" by Chandler-White-Cohen and "Dizzy Fingers" by Zez Confrey. Charles Magnante Quartet. *Silvertone Record No. 219.*

Bacchanale (Act III) (from Samson and Delilah) (Saint-Saens). Charles O'Connell conducting the Carnegie Pops Orchestra. *Columbia Record 7616-M.*

Chopin-Liszt Album, Vladimir Horowitz, Pianist. *Victor Album DV-29.*

"Come Back to Sorrento" by De Curtis and "Giannina Mia" ("The Firefly") by Harbach-Friml. William Horne, Tenor – Silvertone Orchestra directed by Ted Dale. *Silvertone Record No. 228.*

"David and Goliath" (I Samuel: 17) Charles Laughton. *Decca Set DU-18.*

"Fiery Furnace" (Daniel: 3) Charles Laughton. *Decca Set DU-16.*

Grieg: "His Story and His Music." *Vox Album 256.*

"Happy the Harmonica and the Tick Tock Shop." Song Stories with music and sound effects – Frank Luther. *Decca Children's Set CUS-12.*

Happy Time Records, "A Variety of Bible Stories and Sacred Hymns for Boys and Girls. *Singspiration Record.*

"Little Red Hen"—Frank Luther. *Decca Children's Set CUS-11.*

Morton Gould Symphonic Band. Washington Post March, (Sousa); Fourth of July (Gould); March, Op. 99 (Prokofiev); and others. *Columbia Record ML 2029.*

Mr. Rumple Bumple Series—"Benny the Bull" and "Punky the Panda." *Packaged Programs Album 6.*

Nelson Eddy Songs of Stephen Foster—Volume II. Nelson Eddy (baritone) with chorus and orchestra conducted by Robert Armbruster. *Columbia Set MM-795.*

Piano Music of Mendelssohn, Vladimir Horowitz, Pianist. *Victor Album DV-28.*

Pictures at an Exhibition (Moussorgsky), Vladimir Horowitz, Pianist. *Victor Album DV-30.*

Schumann: "His Story and His Music."—*Vox Album 255.*

"Three Little Pigs"—Ted Cott-Henry Sylvern. *Caravan Record C-13.*

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Reviews of the Month

Curiosity, if not authenticity, attaches to any recording performed by a composer, or made under his supervision: authenticity has the edge this month in Stravinsky's "Symphony of Psalms" and Britten's "Rape of Lucretia," the first directed by the composer, the second supervised by him. However, Mascagni's self-conducted "Cavalleria" is but a curio. Another composer self-represented is Marc Lavry of Israel, whose works are prominent in the first album of discs to come from recording studios in this new nation.

Moussorgsky's "Pictures"

MOUSSORGSKY: *"Pictures at an Exhibition." Ernest Ansermet conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.* (English Decca album 90, $11.)

With Ansermet, Munch, and Van Beinum as a recurrent staff of conductors, English Decca is more than slowly amassing a catalogue of first-class performances to complement its highly developed recording technique. Here is another much-recorded work whose new standard must inevitably be related to Ansermet and Kingsway Hall. It is truly a standard, for Ansermet uses the Ravel transcription—much preferable to those others used by Ormandy and Stokowski—and delivers it with much more finesse than either Rodzinski or Koussevitzky (of versions available in this country).

Formidable in mass and exacting in detail, the reproduction lets one hear such ordinarily inaudible matters as a string glissando behind woodwind solos on the first side; the breathy tone of the legitimate saxophone; the low strings as Ravel scored them; and, most impressively, soft brass chords in remarkable clarity and balance (on side seven). Customarily, fidelity is measured in terms of overwhelming impact; here it is nuance which makes a stride forward. The playing is skilful, though so acute is the pickup that the nervous trumpeter in "Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle" sounds scarcely able to accomplish his task. Ansermet does not make the show piece of Moussorgsky's score that some of our domestic conductors do, but the musical logic of his treatment is incontestable.

Falla for Harpischord

FALLA: *Concerto for harpsichord. Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord, with instrumental ensemble.* (Mercury album 5, $3.92.)

Having lavished credit on Ralph Kirkpatrick for the playing some months back of Ives's "Concord Sonata" a proper retribution would be to commend the piano-playing John Kirkpatrick for this equally distinguished effort. Along with performing the rather modest solo part with the correct reticence, Kirkpatrick has contributed a programmatic comment which is a valuable aid to the understanding of this seldom-heard, intellectually recondite work.

It is by no means Everyman's music; its values are too delicate, its spirit too finely organized to have more than limited devotees. To those, however, who have been treasuring for a decade and a half the edition made by the composer in France, Mercury could hardly have done a more welcome service; and there should be an accretion of others for whom its tart, prickly taste would become habit forming. As those who remember the thin, rather pinched sound of the previous recording will agree, it is an almost impossibly difficult piece to record; for the combination of harpsichord, violin, oboe, flute, clarinet, and cello is deficient in bass, the usages here not conducive to much in overtones. Mercury has done a clean, well-balanced job of it, but the sound is nobody's dream of sonority.

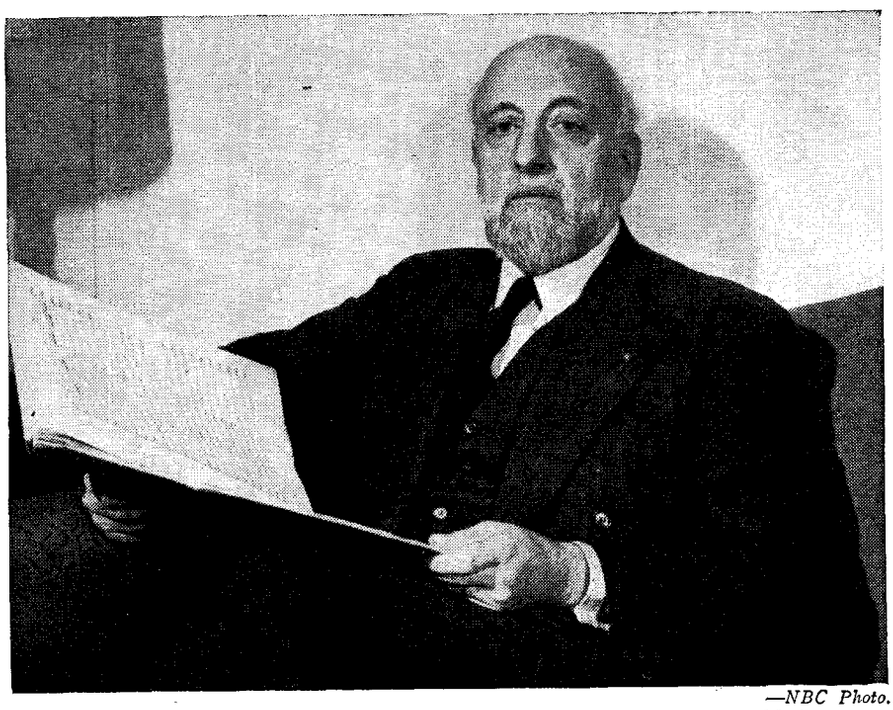
Betrayal, Ancient and Modern

BRITTEN: *"The Rape of Lucretia." Peter Pears, Nancy Evans, Joan Cross, and others, with Reginald Goodell conducting.* (RCA Victor album 1288, $11.)

MASCAGNI: *"Cavalleria Rusticana." Beniamino Gigli, Bruna Rasa, Gino Bechi, and others, with the composer conducting.* (RCA Victor album 1139, $14.75.)

In response, no doubt, to the New York production of this work in January, RCA has processed for domestic sale the HMV version of Britten's "Rape of Lucretia" discussed in RECORDINGS issue of January. Since then we have had the opportunity to sample the whole work in the theatre, and it is evident that the recording, though incomplete, contains not only much of the best music in the score, but virtually all of it.

This includes, in both respects, the ride of Collatinus, and the scene of the women in Lucretia's chamber; since Peter Pears is the Male Chorus of this recording, we can assert with confidence that the recording contains as vivid a statement of the ride as one is ever likely to hear. For the rest, one can admire the clarity and skill with which the chamber orchestra plays, and the reproductive art by which it is more consistently audible than in the theatre. What Britten could do with Ronald Duncan's flossy,



—NBC Photo.

Ernest Ansermet—"the musical logic of his treatment is incontestable."

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overwritten text, he has done well; but it leaves me with more feeling of irritation than pleasure.

Despite the promise of the names involved, the "Cavalleria" is no heady pleasure. The hand of the aged Mascagni weighs heavily on his own score, with some scenes drably overstressed and other musical details of his own creation obscured. Gigli is a more suitable Turiddu than he was a Radames (in the "Aida" noticed last month), but neither Mme. Rasa nor the Bechi of this album is more than tolerable. The choral work is good, the recording of the Italian studio type. Two extra-musical interests may be cited: the impassioned *envoi* spoken by Mascagni on the occasion of "Cavalleria's" fiftieth anniversary (when the recording was made) and the altered sound of Gigli's voice in the opening serenade. This side was actually made during the last year, nearly ten years after the rest (the original master was defective, and replaced for this American issue).

Voices from Israel

LAVRY: *"Kinneret," etc. Yosefa Schocken and Zipora Cohen, sopranos, Paolo Gorin, baritone, and others, with the Israel Folk Symphony conducted by Marc Lavry.* Israel Music Foundation album 1, $5.)

A composer of uncommon qualities is Marc Lavry, Riga-born pupil of Glazounow who has, since 1935, devoted himself to the musical progress of Israel. His "Kinneret," inspired by Avigdor Hameiri's tribute to the beautiful lake of North Palestine, is a pastoral of a Borodin flavor which has great dignity of its own; his "Chanita," a stirring chant from his opera "Dan the Guard," describing the defense of a famous Jewish settlement from Arab attack. Likewise of immediate historical impulse is "Song of the Negev," written by a poet who died in defense of Revivim.

All of the musical work in this collection of three ten-inch discs—singing, playing, and conducting—is excellent by any standards; the vocalists a credit to their material as well as to themselves. Moreover, the technique of recording is abreast of high standards elsewhere in the world, the pressings here on Vinylite thoroughly successful. Beyond the selections mentioned above, the items are a "Song of the Emek," a tribute to "Yerushalayim," and an instrumental rhapsody based on "Horah" themes of lively, jubilating character. The album includes an excellent little brochure, with texts in the native tongue and English.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

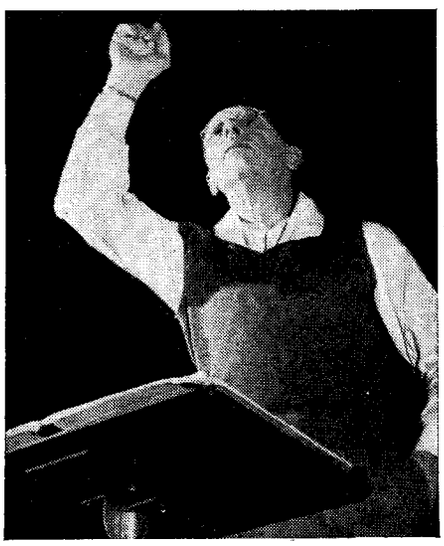
Stravinsky Festival

STRAVINSKY: *"Symphony of Psalms." Igor Stravinsky conducting the CBS Orchestra and mixed chorus.* (Columbia album 814, $4.75; and ML 4129, with STRAVINSKY: *"Symphony in Three Movements,"* $4.85.)

STRAVINSKY: *Concerto for Two Solo Pianos. Vera Appleton and Michael Field.* (Vox album 634, $4.75.)

The newest recording of Stravinsky's "Symphony of Psalms" affords us, at last, a performance illuminating its true proportions. In the two decades since its completion the work has been held in very high regard by musicians acquainted with contemporary developments, but not until now does it become thoroughly apparent how much it actually shares the natural and inevitable flow of the masterpieces of musical literature. Stravinsky's beat keeps the first movement alive in pace, and he observes the brief caesuras without impeding the forward movement, so that it all opens out in a single compelling gesture. The slower tempi others have adopted made the woodwind figures sound like instrumental exercises and the breath-pauses like full stops. Stravinsky's own earlier recording, though well paced, suffered both from its choral and instrumental forces and from earlier reproductive methods, nor was he so experienced then as conductor.

It is not unlikely that we may some day look back on the "Symphony of Psalms" as Stravinsky's noblest achievement to this date. But very close to it in significance is the Concerto for Two Solo Pianos (1935) that followed it by five years. Those with technical musical knowledge may even discern in both works a play upon the same elements of modality and key-relation, though the outcome of the key struggle is different in each case as is the character of the music.



Igor Stravinsky—"nothing literal in the evocation" of Beethoven.

The Byzantine qualities that have been attributed to the choral symphony are nowhere in the concerto, and even the Bachian evocations are few, being limited mostly to the superficial matter of the choice of title. For this is not a concerto in the usual sense of solo instruments with orchestral accompaniment. There is no orchestra here. Stravinsky uses the title in the sense of a concerted piece in the Baroque manner, evoking, that is to say, the time of Bach when the rubric "concerto" had not yet become fixed as a designation for solo instruments with orchestra.

If some model must be sought—and it has become habitual to do so in talking of Stravinsky's works—it is Beethoven more than Bach. As usual, however, there is nothing literal in the evocation. It consists mainly of the massive piano style of Beethoven's last piano sonatas, a style that still presents a challenge met all too rarely by our pianists, and rendered all the more challenging in this case by being amplified to fill the sonorous dimensions of two pianos.

Late Beethoven has long been thought of as abstract, and there is a further abstraction that Stravinsky's dissonances and angular lines impose. This further abstraction is analogous to that of modern paintings in which people and objects, while still recognizable as such, are twisted out of joint to reveal new qualities and deeper meanings. There is no reason why in a world of fantasy such people and objects should not be thoroughly alive and, in a sense, concrete. It is the task of the performer to bring the presumably abstract contours to life and of the listener to make the effort to perceive them as such.

Appleton and Field have succeeded rather well in accomplishing the performer's share of bringing the elements in this concerto to life, in making them plausible and valid. The notes are executed with brilliant and fluent technique and these duo-pianists have caught quite a few of the meanings. But they have a tendency to seize upon some of the figurations as a means for virtuoso display, rushing them and allowing them to cover up the main thematic material in a few important spots. In some of the slower sections, too, the meter is unsteady, as if the players lack the patience to sustain the line, and they have not resigned themselves to the fact that the middle section of the first movement has, in place of a development, a moderately paced series of playful ideas. In this portion of the work, they repeatedly revert to the tempo and character of the opening, thus upsetting the plan of contrast.

—ARTHUR V. BERGER.

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Recordings Reports on Classical Releases

See Page 65 for Pop Releases

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Arias from various cantatas. Bach Aria Group, conducted by William Scheide. Vox album 654, $3.93.	There are sturdy qualities in these performances, the second volume of excerpts from the ensemble directed with taste and scholarship by Scheide. Included is the "Qui tollis" from the rarely heard Mass in A, other arias from cantatas Nos. 42, 66, and 97. All the singers (Jean Carlton, soprano, Robert Harmon, tenor, Margaret Tobias, alto, and Norman Farrow, bass-baritone) are well schooled, and the excellent instrumentalists include Robert Bloom, oboe, and Julius Baker, flute. The recording is fully worthy of the performances.
Bach: "Erbarme dich" ("Matthew Passion"). Kathleen Ferrier, alto, with orchestra directed by Malcolm Sargent. English Decca 1465, $2.10.	Superb style and affecting voice from Miss Ferrier, marred by the use of an English text. There is artistic work by an unidentified violinist in the important obbligato part, and the spaciousness of the recording is magnificent.
Bartók: "Hungarian Folktunes." Ida Haendel, violin, and Ivor Newton, piano. English Decca 2029, $2.10.	Szigeti might be a more spirited performer of this transcription by him, but Miss Haendel has fine tonal and technical qualities, if a little placidity of style. Skilful work by Newton at the piano.
Beethoven: "Spring" Sonata, Opus 24. Jascha Heifetz, violin, with Emanuel Bay, piano. RCA Victor album 1283, $3.50.	So much fluency and grace from Heifetz should produce more music than is heard, in totality, from these discs. A less reticent pianist, and one with a stronger sense of style would be helpful. Clear, strong recording. In presenting the work on two twelve-inch discs, RCA has managed an economy; but also some odd breaks, with no space between movements on the same side.
Copland: "Billy the Kid" excerpts. Leopold Stokowski conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia 19011, $1.	By bits and pieces a representative treatment of this attractive score is accumulating on records, with Stokowski adding the "Prairie Night" and "Celebration Day" to the waltz played by Dorati on the final side of his "Rodeo" suite. All of it should be done; certainly before another Kabalevsky. Superior orchestral playing and fine reproduction.
Chopin: "Etudes" (Opus 10, No. 3, Opus 10, No. 5, and Opus 25, No. 3) Byron Janis, piano. RCA Victor 12-0431, $1.25.	To Janis, an etude is an etude and little more. The finger work is remarkable (especially in Opus 25, No. 3) but the mood is strictly in the encore style, up to and including a sudden crescendo at the end of the "Black Key."
Donizetti: "So anch' io la virtu magica" ("Don Pasquale"). Licia Albanese, soprano, with orchestra directed by D. Marzollo. RCA Victor 12-0733, $1.25.	Too close-up microphoning distends the Albanese voice into something of Stignani size, which is regrettable, since she has a lively feeling for this perky air. There is the same technical fault in the overside "Deh vieni non tardar" from "Figaro," and also a rather exaggerated sense of its character. Jean Paul Morel is the conductor for Mozart. In both, the orchestra is uncommonly large and resonant.
Holmes: "Au Pays." Ezio Pinza, baritone, with orchestra conducted by Wilfred Pelletier. Columbia 72751, $1.25.	Neither this nor Flegier's "Le Cor" on the overside are familiar to me; both sound as though they might stem from the Pol Plancon repertory—descriptive songs of no profound musical quality, but liberally endowed with virtuoso possibilities. Pinza delivers them with masterful vocal poise, and dramatic instinct. Voice and orchestra are both well reproduced.
Hubay: "Zephyr." Joseph Szigeti, violin, with Harry Kaufman, piano. Columbia 72734, $1.25.	Thanks to the acuteness of the recording, this comes to the ear more as a March wind than a breeze; but string devotees will find Szigeti's harmonics and spiccatti worth the close attention permitted—nay, enforced—by the recording. The trio of brief pieces on the second side is notable for inclusion of the Fr. Schubert "Bee." (Waukegan papers please copy.) The others are Tchaikovsky's "Valse Sentimentale" and the Stravinsky "Pastorale."
Hüe, Georges. "Fantasie." Julius Baker, flute, and Sidney Raphael, piano. Woodwind 503, $1.58.	Virtuosity of the Moyse or Roy order from the American Baker is the notable virtue of this remarkable record. Hüe would be ninety if he still lives; how original this piece is would depend whether it preceded or followed Debussy's "Syrinx" and Ravel's "Daphnis," with both of which it has common traits. Extraordinary reproduction of the flute.
Kabalevsky: Sonata No. 3. Vladimir Horowitz, piano. RCA Victor 1282, $3.50.	If not quite a Roland for an Oliver, RCA provides a veritable Vladimir for a Dimitri in this partnership. Exemplary execution by Horowitz of a piece predestined for his incisiveness and ease. There is entertainment value in the music, if doubtful durability. First-class treatment of the Horowitz tone, too.
Mozart: Sonata No. 12 (K.332). Vladimir Horowitz, piano. RCA Victor album 1284, $3.50.	A graph of this playing, matched to the outlines of Mozart, would doubtless accord with mirror-faithfulness; but the tone is brittle, the phrasing angular for so artless a statement of spirit as Mozart here projects. There is splendor and richness, however, in the final side playing by Horowitz of Bach's "Nun komm'der Heiden Heiland" in the Busoni transcription.
Strauss: Entr'acte from "Intermezzo." Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. RCA Victor 12-0735, $1.25.	"Intermezzo" and "Entr'acte" may sound suspiciously like transliteration, but this is actually an Entr'acte from the brief opera called "Intermezzo." A wave of tonal color, languid and engulfing, it is obviouly a source of deep pleasure to Sir Thomas, who delivers it with breadth and power. Rich, ear-filling reproduction in this; and delicate sound in the final half side devoted to the Straussified "Minuet" of Lully, from "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme."
Strauss: "Befreit" and "Morgen." Marian Anderson, alto, with Franz Rupp, piano. RCA Victor 12-0734, $1.25.	Deeply conscious, expressive singing by Anderson in two fine songs; the second familiar, of course, the first not previously listed in an American catalogue. It is a soaring, ecstatic treatment of the Richard Dehmel verse, led to a stunning climax which Anderson manages masterfully, to the beautiful piano playing of Rupp. The reproduction is a model of balance for piano and voice. Anderson has a bit of trouble with the intervals of "Morgen" (sans violin) but it is warmly conceived. —Irving Kolodin.

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The Basic Record Library—Mozart: Instrumental Works

MISCELLANEOUS

Serenades

In D. K.239. Another superior effort by Fendler, offset by poorish recording and gritty surfaces. It is contained in a Vox album of four ten-inch discs called "Salzburg Serenades" which includes two sections of the "Posthorn" Serenade, K.320. See Imports.

In B flat, K.361. See Imports.

In E flat, K.375. Methodical, rather mechanical playing by an ensemble under the direction of Richard Korn, an American conductor of limited celebrity now, and even less when this recording was made. It is a kind of super-conservatory reading, accurate but little more. However, since it has not been favored by any other domestic company, it is at least a way of hearing the ingratiating ideas Mozart imparted to his oboes, clarinets, horns, and bassoons. To Korn and RCA, a continuing if qualified vote of thanks. Rather aggressive, rough-textured recording.

In C minor, K.388. Another skilful accomplishment by Fiedler which time has banished from the RCA catalogue. See Imports.

In G, K.525. ("Eine Kleine Nachtmusik.") The range of playing available on records of this work is extensive in time and quality, in manner and in method of reproduction. The two most recent are both European: a generally tasteful version by Sir Thomas Beecham (RCA Victor) at which I boggle because the Finale is taken at a deliberately, and none the less indefensibly, slow tempo; a generally sedate one by Herbert von Karajan and the Vienna Philharmonic strings, which is less than the work's due, though well recorded (English Columbia). Played with more art than either of these but thinly reproduced on rather noisy surfaces, is an excellent conception by Otto Klemperer and the Pro Musica orchestra (Vox). There is not much aural pleasure in the sounds themselves but the sense of the work is acutely conveyed. There is not much to recommend in the older versions still available by Bruno Walter (RCA Victor) and Felix Weingartner (Columbia). Beyond all these expanded versions, my actual preference is for the Pro Arte-Claude Hobday quintet edition, which is probably closer to the Mozart conception than any of the conducted ones. In it all of the delicacy in the scoring is audible, and there is nevertheless ample weight of tone for such climaxes as the work contains (RCA Victor).

Sinfonias Concertante

In E flat, K.364. By the evidence of my own eyes and ears, I can vouch that this set is still in circulation today, though the average dealer as well as the avid collector would probably contend otherwise. It is, of course, the sterling work with violin (Albert Spalding) and viola (William Primrose) solo parts, recorded under the direction of Fritz Stiedry about a decade ago. A rehearing supports the initial impression of virtue in the playing, and the recording, though a bit thin by contemporary standards, is by no means offensive. Enterprise will have its reward, for those who persist (RCA Victor).

In E flat, K.Anh.9. Not as adroit as the playing above, this memorial to the skill of the Philadelphia Orchestra's solo winds should not be permanently blemished by the vagaries of Stokowski. It should be brought back for the benefit of those whose esteem for Mozart is greater than their dislike of any conductor (RCA Victor).

Sonatas, Organ and Orchestra

No. 4 (K.144), No. 10 (K.244), No. 11 (K.245), No. 14 (K.278), No. 16 (K.278), No. 17 (K.336). The designation of these works as sonatas is a little misleading, for they are closer in style to brief concerti as performed by E. Power Biggs with a sinfonietta directed by Arthur Fiedler. (All of the above are included in a single RCA Victor album of three twelve-inch records.) Aside from nomenclature, the works are interesting for the light they shed on a phase of Mozart's writing one has little opportunity to experience elsewhere than on records. Biggs is no more a spirit of dashing enterprise here than in his other recorded performances, but the treatment is musicianly, the accompaniments directed by Fiedler of appropriate proportions. If your instrument can augment the bass contained in the recording, it will sound appreciably better.

IMPORTS

Thanks to some recent activity in Europe one of the most treasurable works in the whole list of Mozart chamber music for wind instruments is available in two diverse styles of performance. This is the "Gran Partita" in B flat (K.361), joyously played by a superb ensemble from the Vienna Philharmonic, ably directed by Wilhelm Furtwängler and reproduced with that suavity, and none of the echo, they treasure in Vienna. To me, this is a paragon of efficiency, in performance and reproduction, but there are those who prefer the Hewitt Ensemble, as reproduced on the Discophiles Français label. This has the thinner, more refined sound peculiar to the French style of wind instrument playing, and less interpretive nuance than is imparted by Furtwängler to his musicians. To my taste, the instruments do not blend as well, and the reproduction is certainly no match for the sheen or sonority offered by HMV.

Also of distinction are excerpts from the delightful "Serenata Notturno" (K.239) expertly played by an ensemble under the direction of Adolf Busch for HMV. This can scarcely be less than seven or eight years old, but it is a glistening piece of reproduction, as well-sounding as many of the newest things that we admire from England today. Busch includes the March, Minuet, and Rondo of this Serenata in his version.

Considering the durability of this kind of recorded music—by which is meant the insignificance of the names involved, and the long span of sales history that can be anticipated for a faithful performance—it is surprising that the whole literature has not been covered, in a unified undertaking. Certainly it is a library of music whose attractions are equal to those of the string quartets, which exist in multiple versions.

In closing this survey of Mozart's instrumental works (other than solo sonatas) I would like to repair two omissions from the import list. One is a skilful version of the Clarinet Concerto on the Discophiles Français label, with Etienne and Hewitt as the principals (which, however, does not alter my preference for the playing of Kell); the other, a version of the Violin Concerto No. 6 by Alfred Dubois, orchestra directed by Defauw, on English Columbia. Save for the very old, long-discontinued version of Thibaud, this is without parallel. There are also several organ sonatas with orchestra on Pathé and Polydor which I have been unable to hear. —The Editor.

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45 Rpm—First Phase

THANKS to the prompt action of Webster-Chicago, and the kindness of RCA Victor in sharing its first processed batch of 45 rpm records with the reviewers, I can pass along some early impressions of their quality coincident with their appearance on the market. Since I use a Fisher machine which contains a two-speed motor, with variable reluctance pickup and alternate heads for 78 rpm and microgroove records, my observations will appeal to those likewise equipped or to any persons who seek, similarly, to adapt existing mechanisms.

Webster-Chicago's contribution consists of two elements: a one-and-one-half-inch metal disc (called an "adapter") which slips over the conventional spindle, thus compensating for the large center hole of the new RCA record; and a spring "sleeve," perhaps a quarter of an inch in length, which slips over the projecting end of the motor shaft, under the turntable. Thus, when the speed control lever is turned to 33 1/3, the spring sleeve, in effect, adds to the diameter of the drive wheel, so that the turntable revolves at 45 rpm. The sapphire point of my LP pickup reproduces the Victorgroove—so far as I can hear—satisfactorily. Obviously, the records must be changed manually, and I cannot report on the operation of the new changer until a unit is available. It may prove, too, that the specially engineered RCA Victor pickup will be an improvement on my general-purpose one.

My first impressions are especially favorable to RCA's Vinylite surfaces, especially on its red discs (for Red Seal-category issues). There were some blemishes in various discs of other colors (as the reader may perhaps have heard, RCA has surpassed Jello by producing its merchandise in seven delicately colored hues, each assigned to a catalogue classification —yellow for children's, blue for popular, etc.), but the smoothness and response of the Red Seals are outstanding. Wearability is another factor, of course, only to be revealed by prolonged tests; but at first contact, they are closer to noise-free than any discs I have yet heard. Columbia's LP's have been gratifying in this respect, at their best; but the RCA's, to date, have been more consistently excellent.

In such samples as Tchaikovsky's "Sleeping Beauty" music as recorded by Stokowski, the "Gaité Parisenne" (Fiedler and Boston Pops Orchestra), a "Gayne" excerpt by Rodzinski and the Chicago Symphony, various instrumental discs by Heifetz, Whittemore and Lowe, Robert Merrill, etc., the processing is much to the credit of the RCA engineers. Easily the most impressive among those I heard was the "Sleeping Beauty" recording, which was widely admired in its original shellac as one of the best domestic recordings done by RCA up till the time activity ceased in December 1947. They do not excel the average of English Decca, or the best of HMV and English Columbia, nor do they match the outstanding issues on ffrr. This may come in post-ban recordings, since none of these Red Seals are of current date. Likewise the best of the LP's retain their comparative quality without shame.

Otherwise, the dubbings are much related to the qualities of the original recordings. Among the pop issues, I was taken particularly by the fine colorations of solo trombone and guitar in Tommy Dorsey's "Getting Sentimental Over You" and the overall brilliance of "Moonlight Serenade" à la Tex Beneke and Orchestra.

There were, almost inevitably, some bad apples in this numerous crop; one side of a Dick Liebert-Lucille Cummings organ and soprano duet reproduced superbly (Grieg's "I Love You"); while the other side ("Oh Promise Me") began with a mushy organ prelude, in which the pitch wobbled and the tone was distorted; a Heifetz edition of Waxman's "Carmen Fantasy" was even more defective, unlistenable in fact; and the tendency to warpage which RCA admits to be inherent in the wafer-thin disc made another record unplayable. In conjunction with the RCA mechanism, however, this objection diminishes, for I have seen it track perfectly on a disc visibly warped, and also demonstrated with one side of the record raised from the horizontal by placing several coins beneath it. This tends to make the element of standardization more critical than ever, for it raises a question of whether such adapted devices as the one I have will make the records usable for long, even manually.

The summary, then, credits RCA with a record of uncommonly quiet surfaces, of potentially excellent fidelity, and, of course, advantageous in size and weight. How the "breaks" affect the sequence of the "Sleeping Beauty" (on twelve sides) for example will be discussable when the changer is at hand. It will not, in any case, turn over the "Carmen" fantasy or a selection of "Fledermaus" music which continues to be on two sides, using only what RCA calls the "quality zone."

—I. K.

Sample List of 45 Rpm Releases

"Aufenthalt" (Schubert), Marian Anderson
"Barcarolle" in F sharp (Chopin), Artur Rubinstein
"Bolero" (Ravel), Koussevitzky and Boston
Concerto No. 2 (Rachmaninoff), Rubinstein, NBC Orchestra, directed by Steinberg
"Egmont" Overture (Beethoven), Koussevitzky and Boston
"Grand Canyon Suite" (Grofe), Toscanini and NBC Orchestra
"Light Cavalry" Overture (Von Suppé), Fiedler and Boston "Pops"
"Manon" ("Le Rêve") (Massenet), Ferruccio Tagliavini
"Meistersinger" Prelude (Wagner), Toscanini and NBC Orchestra
"Nutcracker Suite" (Tchaikovsky), Ormandy and Philadelphia
"Romeo and Juliet" Overture (Tchaikovsky), Toscanini and NBC Orchestra
"Rosenkavalier" Waltzes (Strauss), Fiedler and Boston "Pops"
"Skater's Waltz" (Waldteufel), Toscanini and NBC Orchestra
"Traviata" excerpts (Verdi), Licia Albanese and Robert Merrill
"William Tell" Overture (Rossini), Toscanini and NBC Orchestra

SONATAS

"Moonlight" (Beethoven), Vladimir Horowitz
"Appassionata" (Beethoven), Artur Rubinstein
"Pathétique" (Beethoven), Artur Rubinstein

SYMPHONIES

No. 4 in B flat (Beethoven), Beecham and London Philharmonic
"New World" (Dvorak), Stokowski and his Orchestra
No. 5 (Prokofieff), Koussevitzky and Boston
No. 8 ("Unfinished") (Schubert), Koussevitzky and Boston
"Pathétique" (Tchaikovsky), Toscanini and NBC Orchestra

There are also representative entries in the popular, blues and rhythm, international, and children's categories, totaling, in all, about 200 items.

Victorgroove Prices: Red Seal—95¢ per disc; other categories—65¢.

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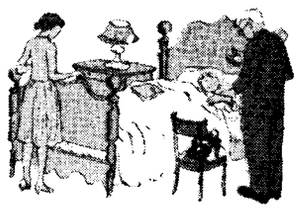
What is a *book* publisher doing bringing out children's *records*?

THE STORY BACK OF SIMON AND SCHUSTER'S NEW

little golden records

EACH, IN ITS OWN COLORFUL FOLDER, **25c**

ONE hectic week, about seven years ago, a little girl was home with a bad cold. Every night, to keep her amused, her father bought some story books. At the end of



the week he toted up the cost and made a statement.

His statement was, "Ouch!"

This father happened to be a Simon and Schuster man. As a result Essandess published Little Golden Books—which offer stories and color pictures by top writers and artists at only 25¢ each. In the intervening years millions of parents have bought them by the bushel.

In pretty much the same way some of us Simon and Schuster parents found ourselves paying too much for good quality children's records.

We looked around, experimentally, to see what could be done.

We found Mitchell Miller and his orchestra.

We found two awfully good singers and a quartet that e-nun-ci-ates clearly.

We found, after some trial and error, the new Goldentone (we-dare-you-to-wear-it-out) unbreakable plastic.

And that way we found ourselves in the record business.

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16. Three Little Kittens
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17. Oh, Susanna
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18. The Farmer in the Dell
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19. Dixie
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20. The Muffin Man
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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

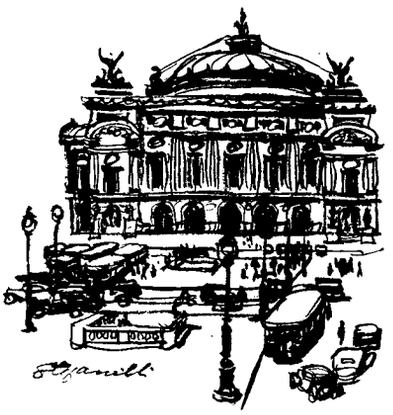
PARIS.

DURING these last six months the French record industry has been exceedingly active. And just as well, for France is now facing a kind of "Petrillo ban." Two weeks ago the musicians' "Syndicats" asked for a forty-per-cent raise of salary—which, of course, has been turned down by the record companies (the Radiodiffusion Française promptly followed). From March 1 on all recording studios closed their doors *sine die*.

Fortunately, before reaching this dramatic climax, the main companies were busy waxing in advance many important recordings, including Hindemith's Violin Concerto (with Henri Merckel and the Lamoureux Orchestra under Desormiere), a world première, together with another important "first," the complete recording of Debussy's "Martyre de Saint-Sebastien" (French National Orchestra, and soloists, under the able Ingelbrecht); both works to be issued by Voix de son Maitre (French HMV). And, of course, a large amount of foreign matrices are at hand, which means that for the next months France expects to keep on building the large catalogue eagerly awaited by amateurs after almost ten years of rationing.

This last year, as always, "independent" companies have done most of the finest recordings. L'Oiseau-Lyre after issuing a remarkable album of Bach's "*Musikalische Opfer*," "*orchestrée*" and conducted by Oubradous (the famous bassoon virtuoso, and now one of the foremost French conductors), has started the publication of the "Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues" played by the Swiss harpsichordist Isabelle Nef—twelve records already published. The recording is excellent, and Mme. Nef is a sound musician, although for some Parisian critics her "German style" is too apparent. Bach's six violin-harpsichord sonatas will follow soon, with Merckel and Nef. A delightful Bassoon Concerto of Bodin de Boismortier played by Oubradous and an orchestra conducted by Desormiere was for record collectors (and for many a musician) a revelation.

Scheduled for early release under the same label are John Blow's "First Suite for Strings" (Anthony Lewis conducting), recorded for the composer's tri-centenary, and Couperin's "Apothéose de Lulli" by Desormiere's Chamber Orchestra. Contemporary music has also received some attention from L'Oiseau-Lyre. Charles Koechlin's Wind Septet and Second Clarinet Sonata were recently issued, and are to be followed by Sauguet's Wind Trio and by some chamber music of Canteloube and Lesur. We must not forget L'Oiseau-Lyre's baby, L'Oiselet, a new collection devoted to "little masterpieces of the greatest composers." Already published are Mozart's Harmonica Quintet and Bach's unaccompanied Flute Sonata. Neglected "little" masterpieces of Handel,



Couperin, and others are on the program of L'Oiselet.

The Discophiles Français will probably soon become the most important "independent." Their artistic policy follows a very well-defined path. At the rate of one album a month they are building two major collections: Renaissance polyphonic works (sacred and secular) from Josquin to Monteverdi (and J. S. Bach), and clavier music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries from Couperin and Rameau to Bach. In the first series, the Motets of Josquin, Victoria, and Lassus (four-record albums each) came after the French songs of Janequin, Josquin, and Lassus (also four-record albums), and were followed by the first album of Monteverdi's madrigals containing the first complete recording of the "Lamento d'Ariana."

Among the other "independents," the Boite-à-Musique has given us the finest recording up to now of Debussy's "Chansons de Bilitis," sung by Irène Joachim (who was Mélisande in the complete recording of the opera and who is considered by many to be the finest living interpreter of Debussy). L'Anthologie Sonore has provided an exceptional "first": Monteverdi's "Combatimento di Tancredi e Clorinda." This miniature drama, perfectly performed and recorded, is the only recent release of this enterprise, once very active. Since the Liberation, the Anthologie has never resumed its prewar rhythm of two records per month, and now things are looking pretty bad, since its manager, M. François Agostini (who built this collection with Curt Sachs at the start, and then alone), was appointed artistic manager of Columbia, Voix de son Maitre, and Pathé early this winter. (We are not able yet to give any information about the future of the Anthologie, whose absence will be deeply felt by all lovers of ancient music adequately performed and perfectly recorded.)

With M. Agostini's move to the "Big Three," a new long-needed spirit is again behind the artistic production of France's foremost makes, whose collaborationist, former director fled at the Liberation. These companies are again technically well equipped. In January 1948 England sent the brand-new "high-fidelity" machines. The first recording made with them was Ravel's Piano Concerto, soon followed by the same composer's "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges (which, by the way, was recorded under M. Agostini's supervision just prior to his move).

It was soon apparent that French technicians were perhaps even more competent than their English friends in handling these new machines, and all the recordings made since this date are among the finest ever produced in the world. It is not only the "true-to-life" reproduction, but also the balance between the instruments (or voices, if any) and the orchestra, or the extraordinary realism of the orchestra itself due to the care with which the musicians are "situated" in the studio. The choice of the studio was also very important, and after long, tedious tests, it was decided that all the recordings should be made in the Theâtre des Champs Elysées, which has, probably, the finest "acoustique" in Europe.

Here was made the complete recording of Jacques Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Raoul Jobin as Hoffmann, and a brilliant cast of the foremost French voices of the Opéra and Opéra-Comique (except for Bourvil, a music-hall comic very much like your Bobby Clark). In the same hall, Lalo's Cello Concerto received a passionate and sensitive treatment by young Navarra (pupil of Casals, and—for some critics—almost his equal), brilliantly recorded. Some favorite arias from "Carmen," "Tosca," and "Le Roi d'Ys" were also recorded there by young Mlle. Suzanne Juyol, in whose magnificent voice much hope rests. A new recording of Roussel's "Festin de l'Araignée" was made in this hall, as well as a super-brilliant performance of Moussorgsky-Ravel's "Tableaux d'une Exposition." There too Bach's "Magnificat" was recorded, a sensitive reading by young Jean Git-

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ton, but marred by inadequate singing of the poorly chosen soprano, tenor, and bass.

Foremost among imported matrices are Herbert von Karajan's interpretations of the Beethoven Ninth and Schubert C major (both discussed by critics and amateurs for the heavy and violent manner of this ex-Nazi conductor), Stravinsky's excellent American recording of his "Symphony in Three Movements" and Malcuzynski's readings (very loudly recorded in England) of Chopin's F minor and Liszt's A major concertos. Rubinstein's very fine recording of Rachmaninoff's "Paganini Variations" rates high in the public preference, as does his American recording of the same composer's Second Piano Concerto. The fine playing of William Primrose in Berlioz's "Harold" received high appraisal, while Menuhin disappointed everyone in his European recording of the Beethoven Violin Concerto (with the discussed choice of Furtwängler!), and in his American cooperation with Mme. Landowska in Bach's Third Violin Sonata.

The disappointment over this latter waxing was fortunately compensated by the announcement of the publication, next month, of Landowska's recording of a new collection of Scarlatti's sonatas. This recording, made during the first months of the war, was buried deep in the cellars of La Voix de son Maitre owing to the Nazi's *verboten* on Mme. Landowska's recordings. Now published for the first time, it reveals all the technical perfection of French prewar recordings together with the utmost quality of playing, some of the finest our great harpsichordist has given us. Most of the sonatas included in the album are first recordings.

Leaving for a forthcoming report some information about the growing activity in France of two important companies, Decca and Polydor, we would like to end this short survey with the little-known story about the recording of these Scarlatti sonatas. When the recording was going on (as we just said, it was during the first months of the war), an air raid started in Paris. Mme. Landowska and the recording engineers decided to ignore it, and they all went on waxing sonata after sonata. But in the middle of one of the last sides we can hear very clearly, between some chords of the Sonata in F minor, the sounds of bomb bursts or anti-aircraft guns. Slight imperfection of the recording? Perhaps! But a human document of great significance! —ARMAND PANIGEL.

Armand Panigel is the editor of Disques, *our counterpart in France, and a well-known music commentator on Radiodiffusion Française.*

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The Musical Bookshelf

WAGNER, by W. J. Turner. Wyn. $1.50. Either W. J. Turner suddenly lost interest in the life of Wagner, or he realized belatedly that his chronicle had been proceeding far too slowly for the physical limitations of this slender (143 pages) volume. Whatever the reason, there is a startling change of pace when the biography reaches Wagner's fifty-third year. To this point everything is judiciously contrived. The author omits nothing of major import, and finds room for some revealing documentation. The final seventeen years of Wagner's life, however, he summarily dismisses in four pages! Since it took Ernest Newman 713 pages of considerably larger format to relate the events of this same period, the reader can draw his own conclusions. Such quixotic organization rather lessens the value of an otherwise admirable short biography.

Concerning Wagner one is apt to be either pro or anti. It is hardly surprising to find W. J. Turner, the perceptive biographer of Mozart, among the detractors. Though Wagner's energy and artistic integrity could not help but impress him, for his music he had little use. Out of the whole Wagnerian canon Turner shows enthusiasm only for "The Flying Dutchman." In the interest of biographical justice he remains remarkably objective. What a temptation it must have been, however, to deflate Wagner in the Strachey manner. As it is, except for a few hints and asides, the late W. J. Turner is cast here in the role of devil's advocate. One gathers it was not an especially grateful part for him.

DEBUSSY, by Rollo H. Myers. Wyn. $1.50. Compared to a career with the flamboyance of Wagner's, the life of Claude Debussy appears pale and uneventful. Wagner lived on an epic scale, constantly moving across the countries of Europe, at one time an exiled revolutionary, at another the favorite of a wealthy monarch, always embroiled in controversy, always chronicling his actions and motives with painstaking detail. Debussy disliked travel, avoided controversy whenever possible, lived in a purely artistic milieu, and took great pains not to reveal his inner self. The French composer, as a result, offers a far greater challenge to the biographer. Mr. Myers seems aware that he has achieved something less than a rounded portrayal, for in an epilogue he wonders whether "the central figure may seem never to have come to life." I can assure him of the acuity of this apprehension. Debussy, flitting through these pages in a vague, disconcerting way, consistently eludes the author's adoring but often clumsy grasp.

This lack of biographical substance is partially offset by a musical emphasis greater than these volumes usually allow. Mr. Myers works tentatively toward a definition of the three distinct styles which contemporary criticism belatedly accords a composer once dismissed easily, and mistakenly, as an "impressionist." But here, again, the author never quite succeeds in coming to grips with his material. Debussy, as subtle and meticulous a composer as ever existed, demands similar felicity in his exegesis. In this instance he is served rather too prosaically. When the author quotes from such a rare stylist as Neville Cardus (a writer who can compare the orchestra of "Pelleas" to "a quiet mirror which catches images from a world unconscious that it is casting reflections at all"), he succeeds all too well in highlighting his own deficiencies.

CHOPIN, by Basil Maine. Wyn. $1.50. Few musical biographies so colorfully depict the era and environment of their subjects. While circumscribed as to physical size, Basil Maine's study of Chopin suffers no other limitation of much consequence. Here is scholarship imbued and enlivened with an active imagination. Thus we find woven into the fabric of the story delightful asides on the mannerisms, opinions, and artistic activities of such contemporary figures as Mendelssohn, Liszt, Delacroix, Balzac, Berlioz, Hiller, and Heine, as well as a vivid portrayal of that bewildering personage, George Sand. A biographer enamored of his central character is open to the charge of "whitewashing." Chopin certainly suffers not a single derogatory remark or implication in the hands of his sympathetic chronicler, and herein may lie the book's main inadequacy. A figure shown to be as saintly as the hero of "Chopin" can scarcely be believed to have breathed this mortal air.

—*The Bettmann Archive.*

An 1882 cartoon of Richard Wagner: the first bang in the bombardment in the seizure of Bayreuth.

The reader will experience no disappointment in the literary quality of this book. Mr. Maine has a particularly facile manner of expression. He knows, too, the value of an aptly chosen quotation; and selections from pertinent letters, newspaper reports, and other documents intersperse themselves gracefully in the main commentary. One finds, also, several admittedly undocumented anecdotes which the author has deemed consistent with his conception of Chopin's personality and working habits. This sort of interpretive speculation moderated by a sense of historical perspective can be caviled at only by the most dogmatic purist.

THE VICTOR BOOK OF SYMPHONIES, by Charles O'Connell. Simon & Schuster. $3.95. Many and varied are the books of program notes. At one extreme the reader is confronted with the labyrinthine prose of Donald Francis Tovey, allusive, heavy with musical terminology, rewarding only to the initiate. At the other he finds the gentle guidance of Sigmund Spaeth, who sets words of explanation to symphonic themes—

Italian, Italian is Mendelssohn's name.
For a symphony whose melody with light is aflame.

How many hundreds of volumes fall somewhere between these two poles I would not venture to estimate. The newly revised "Victor Book of Symphonies" successfully steers a middle course between the erudite and the patronizing. Mr. O'Connell has much to say that will interest the intelligent reader, whilst always taking care never to lapse into jargon. The book maintains a happy medium in another sense, too. Musical analysis is often surfeited either with subjective esthetic interpretation or with dry parsing of musical form. O'Connell's writing nicely balances these antithetical qualities.

—ROLAND GELATT.

APRIL BOOK DEBUTS

MUSIC IN THE NATION. By B. H. Haggin. William Sloane Assoc.
THE MUSIC OF ISRAEL. By Peter Gradenwitz. W. W. Norton.
MUSIC TO MY EARS. By Deems Taylor. Simon & Schuster.
MUSICAL USA. Edited by Quaintance Eaton. Allen, Towne & Heath.

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Report on LP: How They Sound

THE FIRST of this series detailed the results of tests for wear of the Columbia LP microgroove records. It was found that the durability of this type of disc is superior to that of conventional 78 rpm shellac discs in ordinary use. The question now propounded, and hereinafter answered, is of equal or greater importance: Is this gratifying durability a durable gratification? Otherwise put, is the quality of the recorded sound worth preserving for the long time these records can preserve it? Yes.

The affirmative applies to the LP principle as such, and to its practical realization on the best LP discs. The LP potential is musically higher than the highest 78 rpm potential that Columbia has demonstrated in its commercial pressings. If this dogmatic assertion counters the opinion of listeners who have failed to find any acoustical superiority in LP, that is because some individual LP discs do not realize the potentiality of the type, and others show detractive qualities resulting from new, experimental, and unfixed techniques. In addition, many phonographs have a constricted response incapable of demonstrating the widened range of the best LP's.

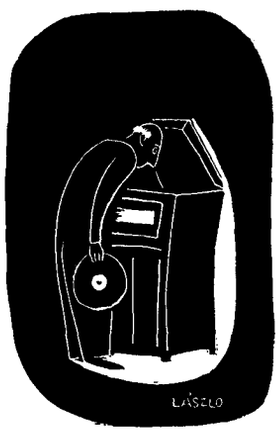
It is in this widened range that the LP superiority is most readily noticed: in an extension of the reach of the higher frequencies and a sturdy clarification of the lower. On the upper scale cymbals, triangle, piccolo, and trumpet sound at once more vibrant and less forced; and below 200 cycles tympani, bass strings, and the bass of the piano are massive and sculptured without great change in their relative volume. The timbre of all instruments, especially wood, is truer. The most successful efforts (see below, remarks on the "Sacre du Printemps") suggest that the LP potential, when realized by the most modern methods of recording, may be a revelation in the reproduction of music.

However, many LP records show serious flaws not audible in the equivalent 78 rpm discs; and while these may be expected to disappear with the crystallizing of a technique, each LP issue must be examined with circumspection until the disappearance has occurred. When LP's can be purchased with the assurance now unhesitatingly granted to 78's that they will not deviate severely from a recognized norm, then LP's may be redesigned Standard, and 78's called SP's (short plays).

That this is not yet the case may be attributed largely to Columbia's issuance of a very considerable LP repertory on the initial list. Therein are recordings of extremely varied merit, from excellent to unacceptable. Not only does the list cover the range of ten years' work, with all the mutabilities of the period, but some of the items were recorded directly and some recorded from records, with the tonal vicissitudes possible in the latter procedure where original values can be remarkably improved and seriously injured, both not infrequently on the same disc. Align human fallibility in production with human uncertainty in acoustical judgment and apply them to the creation under pressure of a whole repertory in a new province: there will be some blotches. The failing Trumpet of Deliverance in the LP "Leonora No. 3" is primarily the fault of a man who should have attended to a swooning turntable; but everyone at Columbia who passes on records attests to the tenuity of the listening faculty, inasmuch as the disc was passed.

Confronted by the obvious inherent advantages of the LP's and perplexed by their variable quality, record buyers may well hesitate at a choice between microgroove and standard. To help them, RECORDINGS herewith initiates a comparative guide which, if public approval warrants, will be continued periodically until the existing LP repertory has been included, and until LP discs that fail their own standards are no longer issued.

The records used in this first instalment were not preselected: they happened to be immediately at hand in both versions. The only element in comparison is quality of recorded sound. The reproducing assembly used was of the type known loosely as high fidelity (good similitude), which gives value to the merits of good recordings and the defects of poor ones. (Less responsive instruments diminish good and bad values alike.) Appropriate styli and stylus-pressure were employed for 78's and 33's, but otherwise the acoustic system was identical for both types.



Included in the summarized comparison are statements of the duration of each work and its cost in cents per minute (indicated by cpm) for each system. Cost proportioned to time seems rational to a discophile; but before LP, he had to buy his music not by minutes, but by pounds or reams. Aside from the interest in these statistics and the remarkable conclusions that may be drawn from them, their inclusion may help collectors tormented by a budget and confronted by many works of equal personal appeal, in choosing those which satisfy longest with the smallest initial hurt.

BARTÓK: *Concerto for Orchestra. Fritz Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.* (78 rpm in Columbia album 793, $8.50; LP on Columbia ML 4102, $4.85. Duration 36m 42s. Cpm: 78 rpm, 23.16; LP 13.22.)

The LP is preferred in a choice between cleanly articulated twins. The microgroove disc has sharper detail in the upper registers, and there is no other considerable difference.

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto No. 4, in G, for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 58. Robert Casadesus with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra.* (78 rpm in Columbia album 744, $6; LP on Columbia ML 4074, $4.85. Duration 28m 52s. Cpm: 78 rpm, 20.78; LP, 16.79.)

The standard album is better, the LP having defects peculiar to itself: generally harsh tone, clatter from the upper third of the keyboard, and incomplete realization of the heavy bass.

BEETHOVEN: *Quartet No. 14, in C Sharp minor, Op. 131. Budapest Quartet.* (78 rpm in Columbia album 429, $7.25; LP on Columbia ML 4106, $4.85. Duration 36m 12s. Cpm: 78 rpm, 20.03; LP, 13.4.)

The rather coarse standard album wins by default. In all passages above *mf* the LP is beneath known recording standards. It is an ordeal to hear the squealing violins; and if the stylus used is not nearly new or a diamond, the disc is a horror.

BEETHOVEN: *Quartet No. 15, in A minor ("Lydian Mode"), Op. 132. Budapest Quartet.* (78 rpm in Columbia album 545, $7.25; LP on Columbia ML 4006, $4.85. Duration

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39m 46s. Cpm: 78 rpm, 18.23; LP, 12.2.)

Standard again. Some of the faults of the LP Opus 131 Quartet specified above are present in the LP Opus 132 to a less mortal degree. The deep cello tones blast in the first movement and in the Adagio. Bass grind is intermittently audible, and treble is piercing, above *mf*. This LP may be acceptable on inferior phonographs unable to reproduce its imperfections.

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 9, in D Minor, Op. 125. Quartet, Chorus, and Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy.* (78 rpm in Columbia album 591, $11. LP in Columbia SL 50 with BEETHOVEN: *Leonora Overture No. 3, Op. 72a, Paul Kletzki and the Philharmonia Orchestra* on side 4, $9.70. Duration: Symphony, 1h 3m 4s; Overture, 14m 12s. Cpm: 78 rpm Symphony, 17.44; with Overture in album, $3.50, 18.77; LP for both, 12.55.)

This is a triumph for LP and a small miracle. Where the standard recording is stolid and ordinary, the LP has a stinging, surging excitement. The higher reaches of the treble and the deeper resources of the bass are in the LP abetted by a brilliance of utterance throughout the scope of the orchestral choirs. The woodwind is vibrant and the brass alive: the proportions are so nicely kept that there is a minimum of shrillness. The "Leonora Overture No. 3" is thrown in, so to speak: the LP recording is pallid, with fluctuations of pitch; and although the 78 is not at hand for comparison, it can hardly help being better. The reincarnation of the Philadelphia Orchestra in the Ninth is what matters. (On the disc studied for this comparison, there were three defective grooves early in the Scherzo, and if the faults are immanent in the master, collectors must decide whether the blemished measures spoil a splendid recording.)

HANDEL: *"The Messiah." Soloists, Huddersfield Choral Society, and Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent.* (78 rpm in Columbia albums 666, I and II, $25.75; LP in Columbia SL 51, $14.55. Duration 2h 20m 12s. Cpm: 78 rpm, 18.37; LP, 10.38.)

The despondent conclusion is that the standard edition must be preferred, in spite of its disadvantage four-fifths of the time and the extremely low cpm factor of the LP. At its best the LP is richer, more moving, more dramatic in its brighter colors, but it has serious deficiencies not evident in the 78. Side one of the LP has a tremendous bass which spits and buzzes. Reduced on subsequent sides, the bass nevertheless grinds a little during the "Pastoral Symphony" on side two. On side three the ethereal soprano of Isobel Baillie is libelously endowed with some corporeal hoots. Side four has no marked defects and sides five and six are excellent.

Television

A survey of console television units, continuing our tabular listing begun last month, will be published in the next issue.

"Something new—plays all the symphonies written before 1900."

HAYDN: *Symphony No. 88, in G. Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra.* (78 rpm in Columbia album 803, $4.75. Duration 20m 8s.)

MOZART: *Symphony No. 39, in E Flat, K 543. George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra.* (78 rpm in Columbia album 801, $4.75. Duration 23m 34s. LP of both on Columbia ML 4109, $4.85. Combined duration 43m 42s. Cpm: 78 rpm, 21.74; LP, 11.10.)

The enormous economic advantage is LP's but the aural advantage, not enormous, belongs to the standard versions. These are tonally more substantial and cohesive, and their faults—chiefly a strident string reproduction—are enlarged in the LP. Stridency can be reduced on most phonographs by a proper use of controls, but no phonograph can manage the places in the Andante of the Mozart where the bass is overcut.

RAVEL: *Quartet in F. Budapest Quartet.* (78 rpm in Columbia album 425, $6. LP on Columbia ML 4091, $4.85. Duration 27m 10s. Cpm: 78 rpm, 22.06; LP, 17.85.)

The standard version is preferred because of an over-keen tone in the LP, which also suffers at a point in the third movement where the bass of the cello fizzles. However, the LP is a much smoother accomplishment than the two other microgroove quartets examined here.

STRAVINSKY: *"Le Sacre du Printemps." Igor Stravinsky and the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York.* (78 rpm in Columbia album 471, $6. LP on Columbia ML 4092, $4.85. Duration 30m 4s. Cpm: 78 rpm, 19.95; LP, 16.13.)

Base metal into gold, ashes into flames, gray into incandescence: LP is the philosopher's stone in a sensational transmutation. It is hard to believe that the two versions are of the same performance. The great LP bass is solid and smooth where it is tubby in the 78's; the pellucid differentiation of the wood and brass has the 78's, in contrast, sounding woolly and congested; and in totality of orchestral realization the LP's coruscate and the 78's flicker. The 78's are a pretty good recording: the LP is a stunning achievement.

—C. G. BURKE.

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HITS AND MISSES

WE ARE in receipt of four sides by high priests of bebop. Two of the sides, indeed, include not only the papal Dizzy Gillespie on the trumpet, but a full college of cardinals as well. Among those present, for instance, are the saxophonists Charlie "Yardbird" Parker and Charlie Ventura, and the pianist Lennie Tristano. Together with other glittering technicians they play the fast "Victory Ball" and the even faster "Overtime" (RCA Victor 20-3361, 79¢). The group appears under the name Metronome All Stars, which I take to mean one of the annual honorary bodies selected by vote of the readers of *Metronome* magazine.

There can be no question but that those in this hall of fame are almost incredibly agile instrumentalists, both in solo and ensemble. The complaint here, as usual, is with the music they play. Bebop, of course, deliberately abandons the improvised polyphony of classic hot jazz; bebop is in the main a carefully composed, arduously rehearsed form of music. And the special point we should like to make about it today is that it usually leans very heavily on, indeed makes a fetish of, the unresolved progression. Now the unresolved is all through modern Western music. To unsophisticated ears it may still have novelty value, but to others it has come to have no more interest *per se* than have the corniest resolutions in musical history. It may be part of a valuable musical language or—as usually seems to be the case in bebop—it may simply be striving for the bizarre. There has to be a good deal else besides. Perhaps lyric fire—which hot jazz has repeatedly shown and bebop hasn't. Or polyphonic interest—in which hot jazz has been rich, and bebop hasn't. Or subtly conceived and ramified musical architecture—which hot jazz, a spontaneous music, eliminates by definition, and which bebop, to my knowledge, has never so much as approached. There, to be sure, is the central point: bebop, unlike hot jazz, is an aspirant in the great world of formal musical composition. Let it look to its manners.

The most interesting of the four bebop sides under question is Dizzy Gillespie's "Lover Come Back to Me" (RCA Victor 20-3370, 79¢), a plaintive trumpet solo considerably distorting the rhythm of the old tune and played against a Cuban-style background; the results are rather arresting, in an eerie way. The reverse, "Gurachi Guaro," also illustrates bebop's interest in the Caribbean, but this time there is a great deal of exceedingly mechanical riffing and we cannot resist saying that this particular approach to the land of the Coronas may be close, but no cigar.

With a violent change of subject we turn to Al Goodman's album of "Victor Herbert Melodies" (Columbia C179, $3.95). The true Herbertian lives in constant fear of hearing the master's melodies inundated with schmalz or else tricked up within an inch of their pretty lives. He waits patiently for such performances as the reliable Al Goodman's—full of warmth, orchestral nicety, and decent, manly pacing.

Something of Goodman's capability in common matters may also be found in Marek Weber's album of "Music of the Volga" (Columbia C168, $3.90). Here the famous European dance musician gets through no less than thirty of those Russian cafe favorites—just about all you're likely to have heard. Obviously, thirty items is crowding the wax a bit, but Weber's orchestra plays with taste, and when something truly dreadful like the "Volga Boatmen" is up for discussion, the boys don't waste much time with it.

General indications suggest that the outstanding popular hit from Cole Porter's "Kiss Me Kate" is the tune "So in Love"—a romantic fox-trot in the vein of "Night and Day." Tommy Dorsey's version (RCA Victor 20-3331, 79¢) offers the voice of Denny Dennis, just a little juicy for these ears, but the accompaniment is a soft, seductive vamping for woodwinds which is highly recommended. And as to "Kiss Me, Kate," we may add that the elegant "Were Thine That Special Face" and the melodious waltz "Wunderbar" are given sweeping, rather nineteenth-century treatment by Henri René's orchestra (RCA Victor 20-3354, 79¢); it is curious to hear Porter played as though he were Waldteufel—but why not, now and then?

The present day returns with a vengeance in Betty Garrett's "The Humphrey Bogart Rumba" (MGM 10367, 79¢), which is not only a wonderful ribbing of that saturnine gentleman—with a surprise ending—but also a catalogue of all the younger Hollywood favorites which this department, devoted as it is to parcheesi and fractional horsepower engines, has never gotten around to seeing. We have, however, studied Bogart, and by some sort of sympathetic vibration would guess that the rumba will amuse both young and old. —WILDER HOBSON.

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Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Astaire, Fred: "Easter Parade." MGM album 40, $3.94.	A phonographic treasure belatedly made available: the sound track discs of the Irving Berlin score for "Easter Parade"—performed in inimitable style by Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, and Ann Miller, with the orchestra directed by Johnny Green. Miss Garland's "Better Luck Next Time" or Astaire's "Stepping Out with My Baby," or their "Easter Parade" together are on the upper levels of the popular song art, with "Fella with an Umbrella" (Garland and Peter Lawford). Miss Miller's "Shaking the Blues Away," and the old time specialities—"A Couple of Swells," "I Love a Piano," "Snooky Ookums," and "When the Midnight Choo Choo Leaves for Alabam' "—not far behind. Superb recording throughout.
Fields, Irving, and trio: "Beautiful Eyes." RCA Victor 20-3369, 79¢.	A ragtime effort in a high tradition, recalling Coney Island of pre-World War I. With it is a version of "St. Louis Blues" which is the most conventional, modest, and agreeable treatment of the immortal tune we have heard recently. This is a reaction conditioned, no doubt, by all the abuse it has had over the years.
Jeffries, Herb: "Easy to Remember." Columbia 38414, 79¢; and LP 1-141, 60¢.	An all-but-forgotten Rodgers and Hart tune which has the master touch throughout, in a rather more conventional pattern than is customary with them. Jeffries sings somewhat overpoweringly, but the end result is satisfactory. "Dreamer with a Penny" is the quasi-philosophical entry on the overside.
Hines, Earl: "Lazy Mornin'." MGM 10382, 79¢.	Wonderfully relaxed effort by the old inimitable stylist of the keys, enhanced by a piano which sounds more like the kind a jazz musician would be at home with than the Rubinstein-resonant instruments commonly used in studio work. The tune is, of course, a Hines invention, and its moody course suggests that, with lyric, it might have more than a modest career. With it is "Keyboard Kapers," a Walter Melrose item which belies its name by being only moderately frisky, and that within the span of Hines's deft fingers. A rhythm section, in which a guitar is occasionally prominent, cooperates—much in the mood of such a bygone spot as the "Famous Door." The balance of the recording is uncommonly neat.
Kilty, Jack: "The Streets of Laredo." MGM 10376, 79¢.	An attractive movie tune (from picture of same name) in gentle tango rhythm, sung with fluency and discretion by comer Kilty. However, a falsetto F sharp at the end doesn't help matters. Overside Kilty shifts to Galveston to find his gal, and is much less convincing about it. As a matter of fact, Kilty seems here to be in love with triplets, since he has "A gal gal gal in Galveston," according to the lyric.
Martin, Tony: "Comme Ci, Comme Ca." RCA Victor 20-3367, 79¢.	Don't expect another "Cosi Cosa," or even "Veni, Veni," for Martin is in an extremely pensive mood in "Comme Ci, Comme Ca"—though he has a female trio with whom to share his loneliness. What this tune may have been in its European original is debatable, but its American version is highly mediocre. Life is much brighter in "The Bells in Her Earrings," another masterpiece in which Martin proves his command of languages, with "Si, Si" balancing "Comme Ci, Comme Ca." Actually this tune is a very pretty tango, but it is so denuded of rhythm as to be almost unrecognizable as such.
Noble, Ray: "Lady of Spain" and "I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm." RCA Victor 20-3302, 79¢.	A sensationally successful revival of a favorite from the Noble catalogue, which is offending some devotees because a vocal ensemble has been dubbed in to cover the solo formerly taken by Al Bowley. Otherwise, a first-rate offering, in combination with the Berlin perennial.
Shore, Dinah: "I've Been Hit." Columbia 38410, 79¢.; and LP 1-134, 60¢.	Miss Shore recalls her jive background with a bouncy delivery of a riffy tune credited to one of the Russin's—whether Irv, "Babe," or other being not elucidated. There's excellent work by the studio band, up to the point where it chimes in with a few vocal "floy floys"—something we thought had gone out with the zoot suit. On the other side Miss Shore waltzes vocally through "Forever and Ever," with benefit of accordion and fiddle. Sonny Burke, Harry Zimmerman are the maestri.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Microgroove vs. Victorgroove

SIR: Some unbiased . . . comment on the Microgroove vs. Victorgroove fracas: Instead of trying to place the blame entirely upon the blood-stained shoulders of RCA, let us look at the whole matter cold-bloodedly. . . . Five years ago, when by admission of both participants . . . research was begun on a new form of reproduction . . . the laboratories of both companies went into a seclusion resembling . . . the Manhattan project. . . . If they had pooled their intellectual resources early in the game and developed the system together, (1) it would have been developed sooner, (2) it would have been better than either individual system, (3) the chance of confusion being avoided would have been much more likely.

D. H. SHEINGOLD.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Of the values of co-operation, we are heartily convinced; but not that companies competitive in artists, repertory, and quality of merchandise would ever agree to such pooling of ideas. All we can ask is that they agree on fundamental principles, apply them as the ingenuity of each directs.*

More on LP and 45

SIR: Can you tell me whether I can use the new long-playing records on my 1933 RCA Victor phonograph? It is one which has a two-speed turntable, 78 and 33 1/3. The machine has such an unusually good tone that I am still using it. However, the tone arm is not counterbalanced, so I have never been able to use a permanent needle. Is there any way in which the tone arm can be adapted to LP records?

ELIZABETH A. FERGUSON.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reader Ferguson seems to be riding the end of a full swing of the circle. It would be comparatively simple to have the arm replaced by one of current design allowing for use of needles suitable for 78 and the new 33 1/3 records. There should be a serviceman available who would do the job for a reasonable sum.*

SIR: I should like to propose a solution to the problem RCA Victor has presented the record listener. All we need is a player with a tapered spindle, and a continuous speed control. The latter involves quite a problem for the engineer, but once we have such a machine we can defy the record manufacturers. . . . Please put me down with the thousand who will buy Mozart's "Musikalische Spass" (K.522) if it is reissued (at 78 rpm).

STANLEY STEIN.

Berkeley, Calif.

SIR: My main motivation for writing this letter is to tell you what an excellent idea I think your 1,000 Club is, and I wish to add my name to that of others for the re-release of Rachmaninoff's performance of Schumann's "Carnaval." . . . In Mr. Murray's article [RECORDINGS Feb.] he alludes to the "RCA Victor catalogue, admittedly the largest and most comprehensive in the world." Undoubtedly it is just that, but . . . only about twenty-five per cent of the items are available to the general public. This figure is purely my own guess and is not based on any careful investigation. My own feeling concerning record catalogues is that they are published only as a torment to the collector. . . . If the 45 rpm record will bring some of the great Victor issues out of limbo, I am all for them. . . .

RICHARD BROWN.

West Chester, Pa.

Basic LP Library?

SIR: May I suggest that you devote some space to a "Basic LP" department, with brief reviews of all the LP's available, or, anyway, those that you deem worthy? Many of these recordings are not new, and persons like myself with LP attachments would gain much from your guidance to the better ones.

S. G.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Such a service is begun in this month's issue (see page 62). It is intended to be a recurrent feature, as noted.*

Concerning Lemnitz, etc.

SIR: The February RECORDINGS has just reached Berlin. In it I noticed a query from Richard Douglas of Camden, N. J., as to the whereabouts and activities of Frau Tiana Lemnitz. She is, as you surmised, living in Berlin: and can be addressed at Trabenerstrasse 76, Berlin/Gruenwald, which happens to be in the British sector. She has been most active in the musical life of Berlin since the end of the war. . . . I cannot begin to list, offhand, all the parts she is singing at present in opera here, but I have heard her in "Magic Flute," "Tales of Hoffmann," and "Meistersinger." . . . As to the delicate subject of the lady's age, Mr. Douglas will have to find that out for himself by writing to Frau Lemnitz at the above address.

LT. ERWIN W. SMITH.

Public Information, OMGUS

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SIR: A note to express my appreciation for your monthly magazine, and a request. Can you provide me with the address of Richard Strauss?

SAM BULLEN.

Logan, Utah.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Try Montreux, Switzerland.*

SIR: Recently I have heard some records with magnificent clarinet and trumpet playing by Reginald Kell and George Eskdale. . . . Any information on their whereabouts, musical activities today, addresses where they might be reached would be greatly appreciated.

EDMUND JUSZCZYK.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Kell is now a resident of the New York area and can be addressed through Boosey & Hawkes, 30 W. 57th St., New York City. Eskdale, at last report, could be reached through the Royal College of Music in London.*

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Records Over the Nation

A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers

City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
BERKELEY, CALIF. (*Berkeley Music House*)	I've Got My Love (C)	Kenton Encores (Cap)	Buxtehude Cantata (RCA)	Bloch Quartet No. 2 (EDA)
BIRMINGHAM (*Stairway to Music*)	Cruising Down the River (MGM)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Fauré Pavane (C)	Hamlet (RCA)
CHICAGO (*Hudson-Ross, Inc.*)	I've Got My Love (C)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
CINCINNATI (*Steinbergs, Inc.*)	Cruising Down the River (MGM)	Kenton Encores (Cap)	Manon-Tagliavini (RCA)	Bartok Concerto for Orch. (C)
DALLAS (*The Record Shop*)	A Little Bird (D)	Roses in Rhythm (C)	Malaguena (C)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
(*Whittle Music Co.*)	A Little Bird (D)	Texas Square Dances (F)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
DETROIT (*Campus Record Shop*)	I Love You So Much (D)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Bachianas Brasilieras No. 5 (C)	Brünnhilde's Immolation (HMV)
(*Doubleday Book Shops*)	I've Got My Love (C)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)		
KANSAS CITY (*Jenkins Music Co.*)	Far Away Places (D)	Words and Music (MGM)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Hamlet (RCA)
MINNEAPOLIS (*Don Leary's, Inc.*)	Cruising Down the River (MGM)	Kenton Encores (Cap)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Beethoven Fifth (RCA)
NASHVILLE (*M U Sound System*)	I've Got My Love (C)	Kenton Encores (Cap)	Indian Love Call (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
NEW YORK (*Doubleday Book Shops*)	So in Love (C)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Hamlet (RCA)
(*Dynamic Electronics*)	Cruising Down the River (MGM)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Thais-Duet (RCA)	Khatchaturian Masquerade (C)
(*Haynes Griffin*)	Once in Love with Amy (D)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Bachianas Brasilieras No. 5 (C)	Bjorling Selections (RCA)
(*Heins & Bolet*)	Cruising Down the River (MGM)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Fauré Pavane (C)	Schumann Concerto (EDA)
(*Liberty Music Shops*)	Once in Love with Amy (D)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Freischutz-Welitsch (C)	Songs of the Auvergne (C)
(*Rabson's*)	Once in Love with Amy (D)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Freischutz-Welitsch (C)	Aida (RCA)
OMAHA (*Lyon & Healy, Inc.*)	A Little Bird (D)	Sequence in Jazz (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	I Can Hear It Now (C)
PHILADELPHIA (*Jacobs Bros.*)	So Tired (D)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Ah! fors' è lui— Albanese (RCA)	Wotan's Farewell (C)
(*H. Royer Smith Co.*)	Lady of Spain (RCA)	Sequence in Jazz (C)	Et Incarnatus Est (RCA)	French Organ Music (C)
ST. LOUIS (*Doubleday Book Shops*)	I've Got My Love (C)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Purcell Trumpet Prelude (RCA)	Hamlet (RCA)
WASHINGTON (*Brentano's*)	Teddy Bear's Picnic (L)	Kiss Me, Kate (C)	Warsaw Concerto (RCA)	Hamlet (RCA)

Compiled as of March 10, 1949.

Key: C—Columbia Cap—Capitol D—Decca EDA—English Decca F—Folkraft HMV—His Master's Voice L—London RCA—Victor

Leaders: Last month, on the basis of early returns, it seemed evident that Columbia's "Kiss Me, Kate" album was due for considerable popularity. This month's survey bears out our prophecy; the album is reported by thirteen stores. No such strong favorite is present in other categories. Among popular singles, favor is divided between "I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm" and "Cruising Down the River," with five entries each. The most popular single is (guess what?) Iturbi's "Clair de Lune," while "Hamlet" and "I Can Hear It Now" are tied among "classical" albums.

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